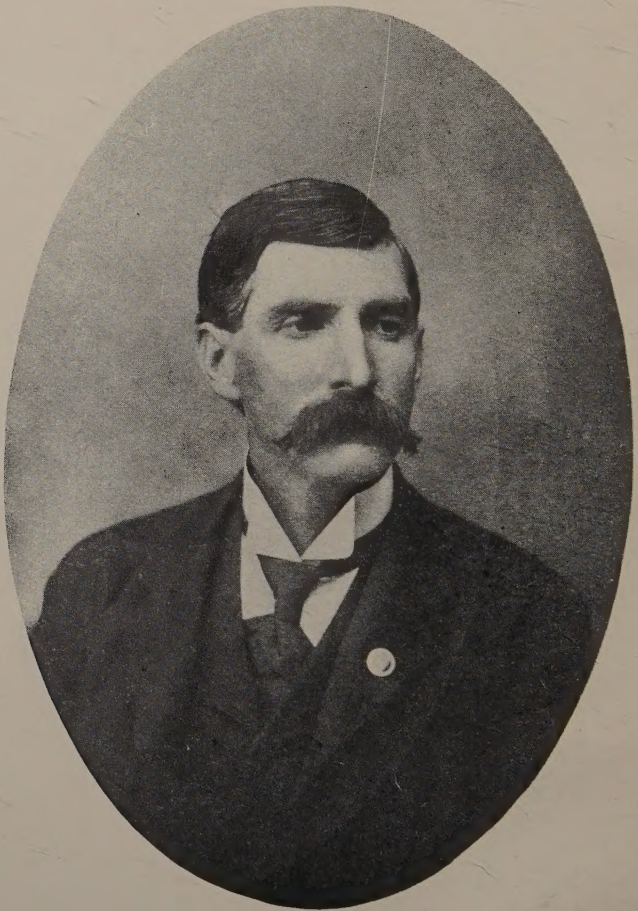
We are travelers toward some distant goal.

Yours truly.

James B. Elmore.
Waynetown, Ind.
Feb. 3. 1927.
R.R. 1.



JAMES B. ELMORE.

Twenty-five Years in Jackville

A ROMANCE

IN THE DAYS OF "THE GOLDEN CIRCLE"

AND

SELECTED POEMS

BY

JAMES BUCHANAN ELMORE

Author of "Love Among the Mistletoe and Poems," "A Lover in Cuba and Poems," etc.

ALAMO, IND.
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Preface.

I give the world this book of nature.
Though its characters seem so queer,
Glowing sweet in childish stature,
It is ever to me dear.
If you love an old, old story
Of a decade passed and gone,
Come with me, refresh your mem'ry
In the cadence of my song;
Learn the annals of a people
That have made a place sublime;
Let their mem'ry ever ripple
Through the corridors of time.
Green are graves of hardy warriors
Once that stalked in knightly gear.
They were happy, ever joyous,
Laughing at the thought of fear.
Now I give to you the story
They have handed down to me.
Pale and wan, their heads are hoary;
Read their life and joyous be.

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Twenty-five Years in Jackville.

CHAPTER I.

In the beginning "God said, Let there be light: and there was light," except in Jackville, where the vine-clad hills threw their balmy shade over the rippling streams, whose waters went babbling and murmuring and leaping onward to a farther destination. There was absolute stillness, quietude, in the place, save for the wild animals as they stealthily crept about hunting their prey. But man, the despoiler of these quaint precincts of nature, came along seeking a habitation and rest; so in the year 1833 was commenced the settlement of the now historic town of Jackville. It is queer to note that the first settlers of the place bore titles of honor and distinction, such as "Capt. George Bowman," "Col. George McClain," and "Capt. John Hybarger." The first house in Jackville was built by William Guilliams, and Judge Thomas Glenn surveyed and platted the town. "Jackville" was so named by reason of its rough, rugged surroundings, suggesting the nature of the once famous President Andrew Jackson, whose honesty and sincerity

are never questioned. Captain Bowman was killed in a dashing horse race by the horses' colliding, but he left a noble progeny to future ages.

The hills and the valleys were great retreats for the troop of children from each family domicile, and they made merry and enjoyed life around the placid family vine and fig tree. In this rural place these children grew to manhood and womanhood. The air was free, the water was free, and man's rights were untrammeled; and it is not to be wondered at that if any one should cross the path of these titled men there would be a clash of arms. The blood that coursed through their veins was like that of a Jackson, and at a flash friendships were broken. These people were of Dutch descent, and were given to the use of lager beer, and, in its absence, resorted to the high "wines" of the golden corn, which nerved their sturdy arms to many daring deeds. Each bubbling spring had its copper still, the stills numbering, in all, about twenty-one; and in the absence of cow's milk, whisky was served in its stead; and, with a little boneset decoction, it was a terror to chills and fever.

This place was the home of a man, Boss Harlow, who once owned the land where the city of Cincinnati now stands. He was a noted cobbler, and ran a repair shop.

The children of this hardy race grew in beauty and symmetry, and all joined in the sports of the times. In

those days it was the custom to have shooting matches, where the champion shot would take the prize; and generally it was a day of free liquor and a carousal. During each year there were also two muster days, where these noble captains displayed their skill and sleight at arms. In the spring of the year was regimental muster; in the fall was general muster, with a barbecue, when the plucky settlers, nerved by corn juice, would try their muscle on each other to display their championship, for a champion fighter in these wilds was a hero. Here the people became acquainted, and the lads and the lassies were sowing seed from which they would reap many a day of pleasure. The Crowder boys were makers of fun. They were fiddlers and dancers and given to acting the clown; and they were always on hand at all gatherings, ready to fiddle and dance for a treat. They could walk "jawbone" and mimic the modern dance. Joel Crowder was the clown; and he could play a tune on one string of his fiddle that would put most modern players to shame.

Now there appeared upon the scene about that time a man who was fit to be called a "king," for that is what he was in Jackville. He had a large, warm heart; and he was "given to hospitality." It seemed that he had a magnetic presence. That man was none other than Harris Reynolds, to whom the stage of actors from this time must bow and of whom they must seek counsel.

The Mill Creek boys and the Wolf Creek lads had an aversion for each other on account of jealousy and rivalry about the fair ones; and they made the rural precincts of Jackville their fighting ground, especially when the week closed and the fiery liquid within them gave vent to spleen peacefully slumbering. It fanned the smoldering coal into life and opened the ball, which was "a warm reception." All of them were proficient in dancing, and the gay girls often helped to carry a royal joke to a free-for-all chafing.

Captain Hybarger often gave dances at his home. The fall of the year was near at hand. The luscious pippins were streaked with red, and their sweet essence filled the air with aroma. They were ready to be cut and dried, and many willing hands were waiting. Then the huge, round pumpkins, with their golden sides, were lying in the fields, with their bosoms to the sun. The youngsters were waiting for the jolly apple cuttings, the husking bees, and the social kissing parties that must take place during the autumn, when Johnnie Oliver, alias "Blue Blossom," appeared upon the scene announcing a dance at Captain Hybarger's. Blue Blossom "ran with" a crowd of boys of which he was chief, and did many deeds of daring equal to those of the knight-errants of old. Such occasions were free for all. There were no buggies in those days, and horseback riding was all the rage. The young ladies would ride either by themselves or behind their lovers, when their

lovers would lope their horses uphill and downhill to make their darlings hold them the closer.

All was "merry as a marriage bell." The night came for the ball at Captain Hybarger's. Great crowds of young folks began to gather, dressed in the rich home-spun of the day; and shouts of glee in the distance announced the coming of Blue Blossom and his gang of troopers, with their girls. There was not so much pride in dress as there was to see who could dance the best and who could put on the most airs. In that respect Blue Blossom, being very graceful and lively, was quite proficient. Then there was the noble pedagogue, Duart Cunningham—noted for his learning and sweet graces—who was quite a swell among the fair sex. He was tall and handsome, but a little lean in his make-up. Then there were Robley Huts, a master at the "light fantastic;" Samuel Bruner, also a hero and quite glib of tongue, who made many a pleasing jest; William Haas, the champion of many a hard-fought contest; Julius Harlow and George Alwood, who could be relied upon as having the nerve of a Napoleon, and who feared no one, except the devil. Among the ladies were Molly Bruno, Nettie Sowers, Elsie McClain, Abby Hybarger, and Jennie Bowman, who were among the noted fair ladies of those early times, the descendants of the ancient settlers. The famous Crowder boys were there, and Joel Crowder took his seat to render the music for the occasion. In this lively crowd of people was one who

was a scientific caller. It seemed that he was fitted by nature for that express purpose. Nothing daunted him. He would mount a chair at the starting of the music, and his sonorous voice would fill the house with its deep tones. This man, by title, by name, was "Shorty Dawson;" and he assumed the management of the dances. Shorty mounted a chair which sat in a door between two rooms and called out partners for a quadrille. The alert pedagogue, Duart Cunningham, chose as a partner the pretty Molly Bruno, and escorted her to the main hall, ready for action. Then followed Blue Blossom with Nettie Sowers. Following them was Samuel Bruner with Abby Hybarger. Julius Harlow chose Ada Morgan. Joel Crowder straightened himself up, and "plunked-te-plung!" his violin to see if it was in tune. It was in perfect harmony. He sat in a low chair, put his right foot alongside his chair, and worked it to the time, like an eel working in the mud. His body leaned forward, and he moved himself up and down, like a horse shaking off flies. He drew the bow full sweep, and the favorite tune, "Buffalo Girls, Are You Coming Out To-night?" charmed the hearts of all the merry dancers, as Shorty Dawson called out: "Balance all! Swing your partners right and left! All join hands and circle to the left, right foot up and left foot down! Lady in the center, and seven hands round! Swing your partners, one by one! Promenade round in a hustling run! Jaybird right and yaller-ham-

SHORTY DAWSON AND JOEL CROWDER.

mer left! Chaw corn bread, for the wheat's all dead! Gee! Haw! All come around!" It was a lovely time, and Shorty Dawson's voice ran with the music.

It soon developed that Cupid had a hand to play at the dance. Blue Blossom was charmed with Molly Bruno's beautiful grace and manners. If the pedagogue shuffled, she did the same; if he tripped it lightly, she followed suit; and it was enough to charm the heart of a king. Nettie Sowers was pretty and a good dancer; but Blue Blossom was bent on making Molly's acquaintance, and he and his crowd of followers set about doing it. They would accomplish whatever he wanted them to, if it was possible. As it happened, none of them knew Molly Bruno. The Buffalo girls, with their escorts, danced in the other room; among them was Clara Shanks, the belle of Buffalo Creek. The set was finished, and all were seated; and Blue Blossom set about getting some one to introduce him to the idol of his heart. The pedagogue stuck close to Molly Bruno, guarding his prize; for he had seen how closely Blue Blossom observed her, and he was a trifle jealous. Finally, Julius Harlow said that he knew her, and that he would introduce Blue Blossom to her for a good "jigger" of brandy. Blue Blossom drew a flask from his pocket and handed it to Julius Harlow, and told him to help himself. Blue Blossom also took a little for his own nerves, for in those days liquor was free and nothing was thought of its use. Again the

mazy dance was going on, and Blue Blossom could do nothing but watch his idolized beauty. His heart was full of anxiety, and the fiery "nectar" was giving him courage for the opportunity that would come for an acquaintance after the dance. Still the pedagogue guarded the prize; but Julius Harlow by this time was equal to the occasion, and he called to Molly Bruno to come to him, saying that he wanted to speak to her. She excused herself, and, stepping lightly across the room, was soon in the presence of the hero. Julius Harlow said: "If you please, Miss Bruno, I have the pleasure to introduce to you Mr. Oliver, who has been very desirous of making your acquaintance."

Molly Bruno responded: "I am happy to meet you."

It was quite different to the introduction of William Haas and Nettie Sowers. When she was introduced to him and she responded, "I am pleased to make your acquaintance," he said, "I expect you are," as though he were lord of the earth. This was a rare exhibition of self-importance. Of course this was the style at Weasel Peak School, where there was more "licking" than learning, and where Professor Cunningham had never wielded the scepter.

Blue Blossom told Molly Bruno that he would like for her to dance with him. She said that she would be pleased to do so, but was engaged for the present, but that at the first opportunity she would grant his desire.

"Thanks," said Blue Blossom; and Molly Bruno excused herself and returned to Professor Cunningham.

Blue Blossom and Julius Harlow retired to drink their health at such luck. Blue Blossom felt himself much honored, and he put on quite a lordly air.

The Buffalo boys were very noisy, and a don't-care spirit pervaded all of them. All the ladies were handsome, having been reared in these rural parts, where plenty of exercise gave them both muscle and beauty. It took no cosmetics to make a beautiful woman in those days of cheer and leisure.

Blue Blossom danced with Elsie McClain; but he kept his eye on Molly Bruno, who imitated each one with whom she danced. Elsie McClain was a good dancer; she was as spry as could be. She, too, was good at the art of imitation. Blue Blossom swung her with graceful air, being nerved by his promised success. The pedagogue had a good hold upon the fair one, and Blue Blossom rather feared him; but when the word was called, "Promenade to your seats!" Blue Blossom lost no time in claiming his opportunity and approached Molly Bruno for the dance. Everything went well with him. The pedagogue, not to be outdone, seized upon the occasion to take a bout with Nettie Sowers, who was a delightful partner. It was a way the Professor sought to retaliate upon Blue Blossom. It was a delight to be in the presence of the schoolmaster, who was an object of dignity. But the young ladies love a hero; it

seems to edify their souls. Blue Blossom gave Shorty Dawson a tip, a reward, to call in his most dignified manner, which he did; and Blue Blossom led Molly Bruno on the floor with the stately air of a king. It was a grand affair. Blue Blossom's followers were all around to witness the dance. They rather sought to bother the pedagogue with their pranks of mimicry; but although he was tall and lean, he was graceful and mannerly. Blue Blossom was stately, and he did his best. Molly Bruno matched his steps exactly; and he was as proud as a lord. He could tell by the smiles of his comrades that he was "doing things brown." Great was the rivalry of such heroes! One was loved for his boldness and courage; the other, for his refinement and sociability.

Things became a little warm for the Buffalonians. Two men, from East Mill Creek, had brought two long-handled gourds to the dance, which they had purloined along the way; and the rough boys used them as billies in their sport. Wilson Wagger—a large, burly fellow, who had appropriated his father's honey for dance money—was sought out for a target. A gourd was centered on his cranium, and he fell to the floor. He was afraid to arise, as so many were striking at him; so he ran out of the house on all fours, one Buffalonian jumping astride his back and riding him as he would have ridden a horse.

This ended the dance, and all sought their partners

to "see them home." Blue Blossom was afraid to try to escort Molly Bruno, thinking that the pedagogue had engaged her company previously. He decided that he would have to take Nettie Sowers, whom he had brought; so he said: "Molly, I would like some time in the future to have the pleasure of your company."

"I shall be pleased to grant your desire," she said.

All were busy putting on their wraps for the home journey. The girls jumped on behind their male companions, and they went galloping over the hills and through the vales to their homes. The screech owls would screech, and the horned monsters would cry, "Who, who, who are you?" but it made no difference with such brave youngsters.

CHAPTER II.

All the party were at home again, and all seemed well. The pedagogue went back to his school, in the brakes of Mill Creek, where there was more "licking" than learning. The benches were made of rude slabs of timber, with pins for legs; and the clothes racks were pins driven in the wall. The windows were holes in the walls covered with muslin. Here Professor Cunningham reigned as lord and master, wielding the birch at will. The larger boys cut the wood to feed the old-fashioned fireplace, which occupied one end of the room. Here the large girls and boys sat close together, "made love," and did many cunning things, "stealing a march" on the Professor. The master was seated upon a three-legged stool, and he revolved upon it much like a weathercock upon its pedestal. It perched him high above the rural urchins, furnishing him with a good view of all about him; and the rays of light passed out from him like the coruscating rays from a candelabrum. Upon his desk lay the spoils of many a conquest, as he passed around among the pupils, capturing French pantaloons, mock birds, and half-eaten apples (probably impressed with the print of Molly Bruno's beautiful teeth), which he long in-

spected after school had closed. Behind the Professor were hidden the rods of correction in a time-worn map or in the crannies of the wall; and many a brave youth there shuddered as they were drawn from their hiding, for great were the pangs inflicted. Here ruled the master of the village school, as he sat upon his three-legged stool, peeping and squinting at Tom, Dick, and Harry, and urging them to be prompt and to study.

> It lightened his load and spread his name,
> Building a man of wonderful fame.

At the sound of his voice the children would study with a rush, humming like bees—except Molly Bruno, who was licensed to smile occasionally, which made lasting impressions upon the Professor.

In the evenings Molly Bruno worked in her father's mill, grinding grain for sour mash, which was to be turned into the fiery water (called "whisky") of the still. Here she would sing and work, and the Professor would often loiter, feigning a desire to see "the old gentleman," when, in fact, it was to watch the pretty Molly feed the golden corn into the hopper. Here Molly gave the Professor a lesson in the art of milling; and as the corn dropped into the great stone to be crushed into meal, at the same time the Professor's heart was being crushed in the great mill of love.

It was a kind of boarding school which the Professor taught, for each week he stayed with a different patron.

As he made the rounds of the neighborhood, he became a kind of itinerant newspaper in those early days, which pleased the women of each household.

Blue Blossom lived out toward Hell's Half Acre, on a little spot of ground which he tilled like a garden; he also fished, hunted, and roamed the country in pursuit of ginseng, which was a cash article at the little store called "Rag and Sang," in Jackville. This sort of exercise gave strength to his muscles, beauty to his form, and freedom to his spirit. He, too, would call at the Bruno mill, when on his way to the village, for the purpose of seeing the beautiful miller, whose smiles were a charm for his soul and a balm for his aching heart.

At Weasel Peak School, Loring White held sway as rural pedagogue, lining the urchins up in the curriculum of the three "r's." He was a very popular man; but he was no such orator as Professor Cunningham. At one time White was a clerk in the Treasurer's office, at Crawfordsville. Cunningham swayed the hearts of men with his eloquence. White was a good speaker and an excellent dancer. He was the chief lord of Ward Town, in the shady dells of Mill Creek; but he would often make a friendly visit to the green hills and health springs of lovely Jackville, where Nature did her best to please the eye of man with her weird scenes.

About this time there came to Jackville, from the discordant fields of Kentucky, one Johnson Clore, who

opened a general merchandise store in the hope of gaining wealth for future happiness; and in this he was very successful, for he is now able to run a wholesale house in a large city. The first trade that he made was to take an opossum hide in exchange for merchandise. It is queer to note that the women were good traders. For instance, one lady traded with Mr. Clore, promising to pay when the milk soured, when she would bring him the butter; but as she never brought the butter, it is supposed that the milk never soured.

A cabinetmaker also began business at Jackville. He made coffins, and carried them on his head along the street from the shop to the finishing room. It sent a chill and a shudder to many a fair heart to see the coat of the dead upon a living head.

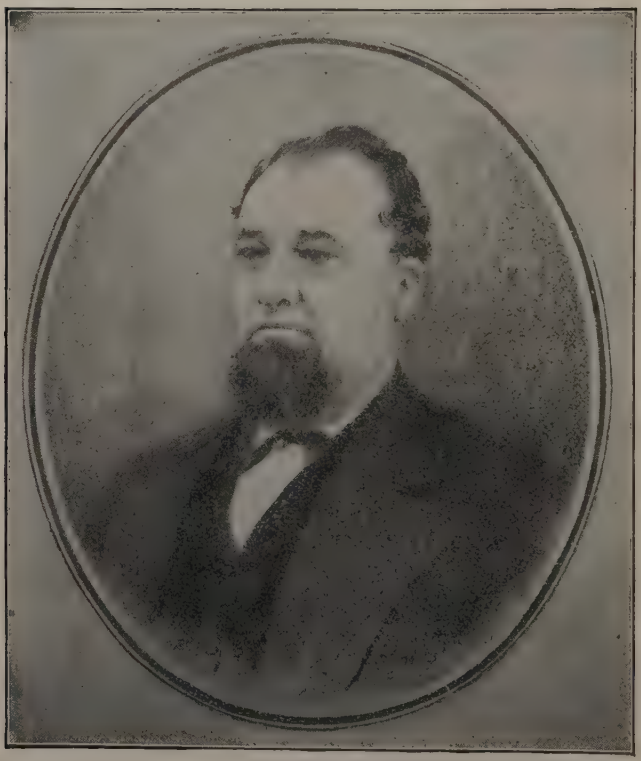
A book vender once came to Jackville; but he had a hard time in this rural place, where Nature's book was open to the people, and they had but to scan a new flower when a new leaf was open. The merchants had rude signs in front of their places of business, such as "Sweet 'Tater Plants for Sale" and "Cash for Jingsang." The book agent, in his hard luck, referred to these signs, and said his book would assist them in such work; whereupon Professor McClain exclaimed: "What is the matter with those signs? I made them!" Hence the adage, "When in Rome, do as Rome does," would work well in this place. It was too delicate a matter to show the Professor; so the book agent had to

smooth the Professor's ruffled coat with an apology and pass along, for people here were on their mettle upon the least provocation.

It was nearing the time of general muster, and great preparations were being made for a grand time. The old muskets which the government furnished were brought from their dusty racks over the rude doors and burnished for the occasion. Mr. Harris Reynolds was the leading colonel. He was appointed by Gov. Joseph A. Wright, of Indiana. As the time of the muster drew near, the people would begin to "steam up" a little on "corn juice" and make merry. One old man, named "Mackelwee," took on a little too much of the fiery spirits; and the small boys sought to have some fun with him, when he became vexed and started for home. He lost his way, and wandered around in his delirium in the dark shades of night until he fell over the bluff of Mill Creek and broke the brittle cord of life, severing the frail connection of soul and body. A funnel-shaped hat upon the rocky cliff above caused the searching multitude to look below, where they discovered his remains.

Such is the fate of man
Where fiery spirits sway;
They lead the moving van
To pitfalls on the way.

Blue Blossom was a captain, and Duart Cunningham was the orator. The barbecue was to be at Cap-



COL. HARRIS REYNOLDS
("The noblest Roman of them all").

tain White's, out on Coal Creek. The day arrived, and four beeves were roasted for the occasion. The delegation from Jackville was under Colonel Reynolds. All formed in line and went in fine procession. Colonel Reyonlds, with a long, blue sash around his shoulders, rode a fine gray charger at the head of the delegation. He was a very large man, with a commanding presence. Captain Summers was standard bearer. Duart Cunningham, the orator, rode in the front wagon, which was drawn by four black horses. The band of music was also in the front wagon. Shorty Dawson, with his fife, incessantly played the tune entitled "Jaybird." Robley Huts played the snare drum. Nettie Sowers and Molly Bruno were in the delegation, and were as sweet as autumn roses. Captain Blue Blossom rode his black racer. When he came near the ladies, tipping his hat, he said: "Good morning, ladies!" The ladies responded, "Good morning, Captain!" and he continued to ride alongside the delegation near the ladies, improving every precious moment; while Professor Cunningham was absorbed in the deep thoughts of his oration for the patriotic citizens, who, with the least hint of a redcoat, would spill the last drop of rich, red blood in their courageous veins.

The delegation moved on in stately order until Coal Creek was reached. Here all was in readiness. Captain White welcomed the people in the following language: "Ladies and gentlemen of the great Common-

wealth of Jackville, I welcome you to these grounds to-day in the name of the great father of our country, Gen. George Washington, who was willing to leave all and risk his life and fortune in the hand of a guiding Providence; and you are to-day none the less patriotic than the great father. You, the people of Jackson Township, are most cordially welcome."

Duart Cunningham was ready with the following response: "Most noble Captain, allow me in the name of Jackson Township to thank you for the great kindness which you have shown to us to-day in so cordially making this concession. May the Lord bless you for assisting this cause, which is for the purpose of maintaining the rights of the United States. Most worthy Captain, you have our most sincere thanks."

Duart Cunningham was then introduced as the orator of the day. He delivered a very patriotic address, reciting the aid which the minutemen had rendered in the great war for independence; and he moved his people to greater love of country.

During all this time Blue Blossom was taking advantage of the Professor by making love to Molly Bruno, giving her candy and such sweetmeats as the times afforded.

The forenoon was taken up in speeches and dinner, at which Blue Blossom ate with Molly Bruno, while Duart Cunningham had to be content with Nettie Sowers.

Arrangements had been previously made for a duel at swords upon the speaker's stand between Colonel Reynolds and the conceited Captain Summers. At twelve o'clock the duel took place. The two men advanced upon the stage, looking like knights of yore. The word was given for action, and they commenced fencing and parrying. It was soon evident that Summers was no match for Reynolds, for he repeatedly touched the button over Summers' heart; and finally, by a clever stroke of the saber, he drew the hilt of Summers' sword from his hand, when a great shout went up for Reynolds. To this day Summers will not speak of the "Knights of the Golden Circle" or of his mastery at arms; while Reynolds is still that ever-warm, sociable fellow which makes him a leader of men.

After dinner was over, the tattoo was beaten to fall into line to muster; and the great throng of men fell into line under the command of the shrewd colonels and captains. Professor Cunningham was at leisure at this time; and he sought the company of Molly, showing a warmer affection than ever. He promenaded with her about the grounds, commenting upon the many novel scenes about the place. Blue Blossom was in the height of his glory, giving commands and looking like a plumed knight. Molly Bruno lent her ear to the Professor in a half-hearted way, while her side glances revealed the fact that she was observing Blue Blossom very intently. It is very noticeable that the heroic

mold of men always has a great hold upon the hearts of women.

Daniel Roach, of Blue Blossom's gallant crowd, had come to the muster upon a mule, which was full of tricks. Daniel rode the mule around, touching it in the sides with his heels, which caused the animal to kick and rear, trying to throw its rider. He made it perform like a bucking broncho.

Blue Blossom made an engagement with Molly Bruno for Sunday afternoon, "stealing a march" on Professor Cunningham.

The rally being over, all gave three cheers for Andrew Jackson, the honored President, and started for home. Shorty Dawson, being well supplied with Jackson "nervine," started again upon his favorite "Jaybird" and played it until they reached home. Remembering that they had spent another happy day for their country, they felt quite sure that if England should declare war they could vanquish her in short order.

There were few disturbances in the neighborhood, and generally those few were settled between man and man with spleen and muscle.

Jacob Hybarger was the noted magistrate of the village, having served in that capacity for twenty years. A woman had a man named "Breant" brought before Hybarger for stealing horses. Smyles Ratcliff was attorney for the plaintiff, and John W. Copner was attorney for the defendant. The day came for the trial

before Squire Hybarger. The attorneys were present, but the woman was absent. Squire Hybarger straightened himself up, and, in a dignified manner, said: "The court is now ready to hear the case." Attorney Ratcliff arose and addressed the court as follows: "If Your Honor please, the plaintiff is not able to attend court. If Your Honor please, we would like a continuance of the case until a more convenient time." Then the old Squire arose in his mantling robe and said: "D—n it! The court don't please. If you have anything against the prisoner, bring it out, or I'll turn the d—n thief loose." Whereupon the thief was discharged from the greatest court of jurisprudence that was ever convened in Jackville.

William Haas was the bully of the town, and he loved to make excursions to the little bordering towns and carry off the "championship of honor" for being the best man. He and two of his chums made a visit to the little town of Silverwood, and sized up the place as one easy to be taken. They hunted up a beer emporium run by a good Dutchman, George Vanpeldt. Haas called for the drinks, when some section men stepped up to the bar and drank at Haas' expense. Haas refused to settle for the drinks, whereupon Jonas Blannerhasset undertook to force payment. Only a few passes were made, when Haas was knocked down and kicked under a beer table, like a rag baby, and Blannerhasset exclaimed: "Pay for de beers, or I licks de bully

of Jackville!" Haas' two confederates were driven to the street, and every time Haas tried to crawl out he was kicked back like a cur. His friends raised a "racket" in the street by shooting and hallooing, which afforded him an opportunity to crawl out and run.

There had lately moved into Jackville a peaceable, inoffensive man named "Putney," whom Haas was intent on initiating in his favorite skill at arms, and he accordingly went to Putney's house for that purpose. Putney commanded Haas to stay out or he would kill him, presenting his fowling piece at Haas' breast; but as that did not stop him, Putney discharged the weapon. Haas fell to the ground, mortally wounded; but he was brave, and exclaimed: "Bang went the gun, and down went the soldier!" It is needless to say that self-defense was the verdict of the jury.

In those early days the government paid little attention to revenue from whisky; but as time rolled on, the collector came, and things were not so pleasant. Then came about the illicit stills, and many a smoke-stack was connected with a house flue; the rugged hills were also a favorite retreat. Then it came about that strangers were accosted with, "Where are you going?" "What is your business?" etc.; and no smartness was tolerated, or there would be a warm reception, for the bungalow boys were "some."

CHAPTER III.

It was Sabbath morning, and it seemed that the Lord had put more splendor in the beautiful sunlight than ever before. The rays of light went forth percolating the interstices of the shimmering leaves, and the beautiful cock robin warbled his morning lay from a tilting bough, lending his melody to the sweet, mellow shade of the vine-clad hills. Molly Bruno's golden curls absorbed the mind of Blue Blossom, whose heart was full of happiness—with a slight strain of fear, however, knowing that often a maiden's heart is full of deception and leads many a manly heart to sadness and gloom. The Professor's mind had probably not been relieved of the great strain of mensuration or the scientific rules of grammar as he expounded them to beautiful Molly Bruno and Nettie Sowers. Such things did not bother the mind of the genial Blue Blossom, whose heart loved Nature in all her glory.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and Molly Bruno was looking forward to the coming of the merry Blue Blossom. Soon the sound of horses' feet was heard in the distance on the old plank road that led in from Hillsboro. Blue Blossom loped his black charger in stately style along the way, and soon ar-

rived at the Bruno residence. He alighted, hitched his horse to the fence, and went in. Molly Bruno, the charming creature, was all smiles in receiving her honored guest. Mr. Bruno soon saw that the Professor had a rival for the hand of his daughter—much against his will, however. Molly had things pretty much her own way. Blue Blossom soon invited Molly to take a walk. They rambled among stately elms and under sweet maple bowers until they came to a beautiful water beech, whose shady boughs were overrun with wild grapevines, forming a natural canopy. Beneath this beautiful tree lay a moss-covered log. Here Blue Blossom invited Molly to sit down and rest; and here, in Nature's sweet repose, sat the two youthful lovers. Sublime tranquillity and happiness were theirs. In these quiet precincts they could bill and coo as only true lovers can. Could the Professor have beheld this beautiful picture as they sat beneath the hooded bush, Nature's greatest handiwork, he would have dreamed dreams of sorrow and disappointment at not being there in the company of his beloved Molly. As children of Nature in this peaceful retreat, with none to interrupt them, they could confide their secrets to each other like nestling doves. They sat and conversed and cooed until the shade of night put forth its mantling robe, which sent the lovers home. A future engagement was made, and then Blue Blossom departed, owing to Mr. Bruno's favoring the suit of Professor

Cunningham, who was expected in the near future. It was the happiest day of Blue Blossom's life. He felt the power of love going out from his heart to one that he must win or he would die of a broken heart.

The Professor had an engagement with Molly Bruno, and went over to see her. She was the same sweet girl that she had ever been; and Mr. Bruno was more courteous to the Professor, showing appreciation of him. The Professor was quite versatile and a good entertainer; and he interested Mr. Bruno, as well as his daughter, with many a beautiful legend made rich in its essence by the hand of tradition. There was a house down on Buffalo Creek that was haunted, and the conversation drifted in that direction. Several families had lived there; but, to their sorrow and dismay, they were forced to move away on account of the spiritual rappings and imaginary light about the place in the gloom of night. The Professor boasted of his bravery, and said that there were no such things as "haunts," or ghosts.

It then occurred to Molly Bruno that she could test the mettle of the two men on whom she was bestowing her affections; so she told Blue Blossom about the ambition of the Professor, thinking that he would invent some way to catch the deluding spirit and also make the Professor prove his bold assertion. She knew that tradition was a mighty factor in human life, and that there were few that had no superstition in them; and

the Professor had been heard to remark about the "fair and foul" of Friday.

There was to be a dance at Tice Flood's, out on the Chalk Farm, near Luthern. The invitations were sent out. The time came for the dance, and a great crowd arrived. Joel Crowder and Shorty Dawson were there, ready to play and call. A band of fellows, calling themselves "Gray Cats," came from Northern Jackson; and their motto was: "Rule or Ruin." There lived in the vicinity of Alamo the greatest rowdy of the age, named "Rodney McKinney." He proposed to a friend to go to the dance; but, on investigation, it developed that neither of them had a horse on which to make the trip. At the time the good old Father McKinney was entertaining the Methodist circuit rider at his home in a most hospitable manner. It occurred to Rodney that the preacher's horse and sleigh would serve them well; so he hitched up the old gray horse, and away they went, scudding along to the dance. All went well at the dance until the "Gray Cats" started to "run things." Bandy Sowers drew a pistol and a Bowie knife and did a feat in jugglery by throwing them in the air and then catching them by the hilts; but this did not awe the "Gray Cats." The Jackvillians were quiet until one of the "Gray Cats" took a small boy, Robert Myer, and stood him up in the fireplace. Then the fun began. Blue Blossom and his crowd overcame the "Gray Cats," put them out, barred the door,

and cried: "On with the dance!" The "light fantastic" went round and round. The "Gray Cats" rallied, stormed the castle, and took the fort. The Jackville boys retired in good order, with Molly Bruno on the arm of the Professor and Nettie Sowers clinging to Blue Blossom, and Robley Huts was the protector of Elsie McClain.

All was merry with Rodney McKinney until he started to go home, when, to his horror, he found that the tail of the preacher's horse had been shaved by the "Gray Cats." He was dumfounded as to what to do, as the minister would now be sure to discover his ruse. All at once Rodney cried out, "O, I can fix it now!" and he stooped and picked up all the hair and put it into the sleigh.

"What are you going to do with that hair?" asked his friend.

"I'll show you when I get home," replied Rodney.

When they arrived at Father McKinney's, Rodney took the hair into the stable and scattered it all around the horse, as though the mischief had been done there. This was the good man's trial of woe, caused by the mischievous Rodney.

On that night Stanley Hall lost his life at the Mill Creek Bridge—whether by fair means or foul, the good Lord only knows.

By the side of the river of waters
The light of life went out,
And the soul in transit murmured
In the air waves on its route.

Where the wings of the wind listeth
We dream of pleasures above;
There the ties of friends and dear ones
Are bound with a clasp of love.

Richard Chumley and family had lived in the haunted house, but had moved out that week on account of the awful spirits that infested it. There was a snapping and a cracking of doors and a glimmering of the windows in the starlight, which looked like the light of a candle or the spirit of some departed soul; and in their hallucination or restless dreams they could see a creature above their beds, dressed in pure white and looking much like an angel, hovering and bowing over them. They would cry out in their sleep on seeing this ghostly object.

The talk at the dance was about the Buffalo ghost, and Blue Blossom proposed a crowd to go and catch it. Many shuddered and shook their heads at the thought of such a thing, while Blue Blossom's men were ever ready to go. They proposed to the Professor to go on Friday night and watch for it. Of course he could not refuse, and it was a "go."

Friday night came, and they all met in Jackville.

They took on some spirits to nerve them to deeds of daring; the Professor himself did not refuse to take a little "nervine" for his health's sake. They rode along, jesting about the mischievous spirit and as to how they would delude it and trap it. Finally they arrived at the house and went in. It was proposed by Blue Blossom that they "draw cuts" to see who would watch, or stand guard; and by a trick it fell upon the Professor. The others amused themselves at cards and jokes until they were tired and sleepy. They then lay down to sleep. Blue Blossom also lay down with them. He did not sleep, but kept a watch upon the Professor, whose heart was palpitating, ready to jump out of him. Soon a sonorous sound issued from the sleepers' nostrils, adding to the solemnity of the evening. Then there came a rattling of the windows, and the Professor sprang to his feet and looked wild. He sat down again. Soon a "rat, tat, tat!" was heard under the house, accompanied by a scratching noise. The Professor's hair stood straight; his eyes glared. He did not want to awaken the sleeping men; still, he was scared nigh unto death. Again the old stick chimney rattled as the martins slipped from their perch and a louder "rat, tat, tat!" was heard under the floor. The Professor arose, slipped to the door, went out, looked all around, then stooped and looked under the house, when—behold!—two large fireballs shone out before him. He gasped, sprang to his feet, and then started down the road at

a "two-forty" gait; while his swallow-tailed coat stood out at right angles, like "Old Glory" in a stiff breeze. This was sufficient proof of his "bravery." He imagined that some great demon was after him. He shuddered at the sound of his own footsteps; and as he looked back over his shoulder, the house was fast disappearing in the distance.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the wily Blue Blossom. "One hero has fled. What will I do? Will I awaken my comrades, or will I brave it alone? I will try it myself. If I can succeed, I will gain a victory. I have heard those tappings. Surely it cannot be a devil or a man. If it is a man, I will outwit him; if it is Satan, I will storm his castle for Molly's sake."

So Blue Blossom sat up, awaiting developments. Soon a shooting star flashed a light upon the window. His hair rose a little and a chill crept over him. All was silent. His comrades still slept soundly. The swallows fluttered in the chimney, making a rumbling noise, then subsiding like the rustling of new silk, adding awe to the dismal sound. He heaved a long sigh. Then he arose, went to the chimney, and looked up; but nothing could be seen, save a bit of blue sky sprinkled with stars. He sat down again, a child of fate. Presently "rat, tat, tat!" was heard under the floor. Then there was a whistle, ending with a grating of teeth. His hair stood straight; his breast heaved; and fear, mingled with awe, filled his whole body.

"Will I awaken my comrades and leave, or can I stand this awful strain?" asked Blue Blossom. "I will try it still longer."

Reaching down to his boot top, he drew out a large "Navy" revolver, which inspired him with greater courage; but the great mystery was that he could see nothing to shoot. He was an expert marksman, the crack shot of the neighborhood, having carried off the honors at many a shooting match. "Rat, tat, tat!" was heard again. Then he resolved to peep under the house to see if anything was there. He knew that this was the place where the Professor had parted company with them. He arose, went out, lay down upon the ground, and peered into the darkness; and—behold!—the same spectacle met his gaze that had startled the Professor, except that the fireballs were sulphuric green and seemed like worlds of mystery. He tried to speak, but his voice faltered and failed him. Again he tried, and he stammered out: "Who—who are you?" There was no reply. Again he asked: "Who are you?" Pointing his weapon at the little dark space between the two orbs of fire, he took deliberate aim and fired. The lights went out. The report of his weapon aroused his comrades, who sprang to their feet; but they could see no Professor and no Blue Blossom. They feared that a deadly combat had taken place between them, and began to hunt for them. They ran to the open door; and

seeing Blue Blossom, they demanded of him: "Where is Professor Cunningham?"

"O!" exclaimed Blue Blossom. "He fled in the third watch when the spirits overcame him. Then I resolved to try myself; so I came out here and discovered two lights under the house, which I just now snuffed with my revolver. Bring a light, and let us see what it is."

Robley Huts and Julius Harlow ran into the house and came out with the candelabrum. They held it, while William Geeting crawled under the house, where he found a large woodchuck that had been digging its burrow in the sandy soil. Its forehead was pierced in the center.

Thus ended the spooks and the ghosts and the goblins of Buffalo. With Blue Blossom a hero, the party marched away, singing "Home the Conqueror Comes."

CHAPTER IV.

It seemed that a new day was dawning upon the town of Jackville. Thomas Allen had settled upon the banks of Wolf Creek. He had the strains of ministerial blood in his veins; and, like Nimrod of old, he was a great hunter. He named the place "Wolf Creek," from the numerous wolves that infested that vicinity; and the good old man paid his taxes in wolf scalps as long as he lived, as the State paid a good bounty for them. His son, William Allen, inherited his father's ministerial instinct, and he started a church and a cemetery at Wolf Creek, which are noted to-day. Like the sermons of most of his Baptist brethren, Rev. William Allen's sermons were prolix and long drawn out, with a sonorous voice; but they reached the hearts and swayed the souls of men. So famous did he become that he invaded the citadel of Jackville, carrying the good work to success, converting the young dancers by teaching them the golden truths of God. After a long revival at Jackville, many persons confessed Christ; and, according to the Baptist theory, there must be a washing away of sins in the virtuous waters of quaint old Mill Creek. The appointed day arrived, and the old people came to witness the baptismal service and to vie with the Lord's children.

Some were heard to remark that they would give the converts only a fortnight to break away from the Lord's way; but the Beatitudes of Christ were upon the converts, and their new life was not ephemeral. William Allen was noted for reaping the golden harvest of precious grain in due season, while the Spirit of the Lord

WILLIAM ALLEN AT WOLF CREEK CHURCH.

was nigh. William Geeting rode up and down the placid stream, while William Allen baptized these people into the Lord, causing wonder and amazement to the doubting Thomases.

Again the autumn was here, with its rich colors; and

the ripe fruit filled the ambient air with its sweet aroma, while the leaves twirled and rolled along in heaps. The bare boughs of the trees spoke of the nutting time, with its great fun, as the many lads and lassies rambled over the beautiful hills in pursuit of these luxuries. The golden ears of corn were peeping forth from their rich coverts, awaiting the harvest time. The farmers were jerking their corn and throwing it into heaps for the merry huskers' fun and frolic. Phineas Breant invited the young people to come and husk corn. The young men brought their lassies to the joyful husking bee. The young men chose partners to husk corn. They then divided into even numbers and stretched a rope across the pile of unhusked corn. In the center they put a jug of whisky. Then they commenced husking for dear life. The party that got to the center first would get the jug of whisky, and the gentleman that husked the first red ear of corn might take his choice between kissing the prettiest girl and taking a drink of whisky.

Professor Cunningham, Blue Blossom, Robley Huts, Nettie Sowers, Molly Bruno, Ada Morgan, Clara Shanks, and William Geeting were at the husking. Blue Blossom was alert, and he chose Molly Bruno as his partner. The Professor husked with Ada Morgan. All was fun and joy with the whole crowd. The jug of beaded spirits having been placed in the heap of corn, William Geeting suggested that they hurry to see who

would win the coveted prize. The dusky husks began to fly, and the busy hum went round, with many a cheerful laugh, when, all at once, Blue Blossom husked the first red ear of corn. All looked wise and wistful to see what the hero would do. A loud shout of laughter resounded through the barn, for Blue Blossom gently leaned forward and kissed pretty Molly Bruno. Then a shout of applause went up. This made the Professor a little jealous of the coveted Molly. Her affections were not to be measured with a cup of fiery spirits by the loving Blue Blossom. On went the busy huskers, bent upon seeing who would win the prize. Often Molly would get a tough ear of corn which she could not break, and, with smiles, she would hand it to the daring Blue Blossom, whose eyes sparkled with delight.

William Geeting urged the Professor and his huskers to greater efforts, and they won the enchanting prize. The Professor pulled the jug from its hiding place and set it on the winning side; but on went the huskers until all the corn was husked, when the merry parties drank to their hearts' content, according to the custom of the times.

When all was over, Mr. Sowers cleared the floor for a party. All were eager to exchange kisses, and such old-time songs as "Weevily Wheat" and "The Forsaken Lover" went ringing away till morning.

Blue Blossom and Molly Bruno started the play by

setting a chair in the middle of the floor and getting the Professor into it. Then they marched around, singing:

"We're marching round a pedagogue—
A pedagogue, a pedagogue!
We're marching round a pedagogue,
As merry as we can be!
The oak grows tall, the vine grows slim;
So rise you up, my pedagogue,
And choose another in!"

Blue Blossom took delight in making the song as ludicrous as possible. While the Professor felt a pang of embarrassment, he braved it through and chose Nettie Sowers to take his place in the chair. Then the tune changed to:

"We're marching round a pretty girl—
A pretty girl, a pretty girl!
We're marching round a pretty girl,
As merry as we can be!
The oak grows tall, the vine grows slim;
So rise you up, my pretty girl,
And choose another in!"

By this time the Professor's embarrassment had worn away; and he, too, marched around the chair, with Nettie Sowers hanging on his arm. The marching was kept up until all in the crowd had been chosen in the play. The song was changed to suit the circumstances, which added to the merriment of the young people.

At this time Walter Lawson made his advent among the party, and he became acquainted with Nettie Sowers. Cupid then set himself to work for the union of loving hearts. It seemed as though the Professor would be without company; but Ada Morgan, as lovely a creature as ever the sun shone upon, clung to him like a humming bird clings to a sweet flower. Youthful ambition, filled with pride, made love among the revelers as sweet as could be.

Professor White, from Weasel Peak, was there, looking rather wan, thinking that he was growing old, and that no beautiful lass had ever picked him off the parental tree, although he had exchanged lovely smiles with many a charming lass.

Jason Thomas was also there; and he had shown a preference for Nettie Sowers, having escorted her home on several occasions. He was quite a gallant among the fair sex. But Walter Lawson was the idol of Nettie Sowers, and she had a far-away look in her dreamy eyes which seemed to say, "I will follow thee where angels fear to tread," which was the expression of her great attachment to him; and the golden cord of love united them in the holy bonds of wedlock. They were married at the Sowers home, and the infare was sumptuous, having been prepared with great care by their many loving friends. Nearly all the youngsters of the neighborhood had planned a charivari for the night of the wedding. A great many of them gathered to

join in the sport, bringing tin pans, horse fiddles, and guns. Lawson and the bride were in an upper chamber, preparing to retire for a night's repose, with thoughts of sweet dreams, such as only seraphs can imagine in sweet enchantment. Then the noisy crowd commenced their gleeful sport. Jason Thomas carried a shotgun, which he pointed at the window of the upper room and discharged it, when, to the horror of the crowd, Nettie Lawson fell, bleeding, to the floor, and died, with the contents of that awful charge in her forehead. It was an awful catastrophe; but such was the fate of pretty Nettie Lawson, in the bloom of womanhood. The verdict of the court which tried the case was that the shooting was accidental, but the enmity there begun between the Sowerses and the Thomases was never healed. Often they met in sunny Jackville with malicious intent, looking at each other like ferocious animals; but neither party spoke a word, and a deadly feud was thereby averted.

At the party the Professor was alert, and he engaged Molly Bruno's company for the future. It had been some time since he had heard the rumbling mill grinding the precious grain which lent enchantment to his soul and visions of happiness to his dreams. However, Blue Blossom escorted Molly home.

Molly Bruno could not slight the Professor, on account of her parents, as they thought so much of him; and they had great fears of the chivalrous spirit

of young Blue Blossom, whom they detested for no other reason than his rambling, wild nature.

Again peace and quietude reigned in Jackville, while the rumbling mill ground away and the fiery liquid went trickling around through the worm of the still.

On East Mill Creek lived a man named "Jacob Fillmore," who made frequent excursions to the enchanting banks of West Mill Creek. He loved the fiery "nectar." Once he climbed the pipe through which water was forced to the second story of the distillery. He went in and filled his demijohn with the precious fluid that lent enchantment to his soul and gave him wonderful imagination of spirits that inhabit the supernatural regions. While under this wonderful spell of enchanting elixir, he rolled a lot of saw logs down a hill. They bounded and leaped into the creek below; but when the magic spell was at an end, he had to replace the timbers upon the mossy bluff whence they came.

There also lived in this vicinity a man named "Cecil Yockaby," whose eyes were becoming dimmed by age. He had his eyesight tested by an oculist. He was told by the oculist that his sight was pretty good, but that he needed glasses. When Yockaby went across the way and took on seven glasses, he declared that he could see double; and all believed it, for on going home he said to his son: "Ristie, Ristie, if that big rock down there is a sow, go and drive her up!" The young man smiled and suspected "snakes."

CHAPTER V.

As the days grew shorter and the nights grew longer, the pupils on East Stillwater grew anxious for a spelling match. The teacher, Jason Minor, to please the wily urchins, permitted them to announce to Professor Cunningham's school that there would be a spelling match at their schoolhouse on Wednesday night. The teacher little suspected the difficulties attending such occasions, not being acquainted with the eccentricities of the people. The night came, and a large crowd was assembled to greet the teacher. Professor Cunningham brought Molly Bruno, and Blue Blossom came without a partner. The "Gray Cats" and the Jackvillians were there; the Wolf Creekites and the "Calamus Eaters" (from Brush Creek) were also there. All any one had to say to the Brush Creek boys was "calamus," and they were ready to fight. They used calamus as perfume for their breath.

Some of the mischievous ones refused to engage in the spelling match, reserving their time for fun. John Shular* and Lottie Bowman chose the spellers, after having determined by lot who should have the first choice. Soon the spellers were all chosen, and they

* Founder of the Wallace High School.

began to make havoc of the old Elementary Spelling Book, whose every syllable was sounded with a jingle. They spelled for some time, Professor Cunningham pronouncing at intervals. Then came recess, and a jolly time it was. The boys and the girls exchanged their loving courtesies. Then they resumed their spelling. They soon began to tire; and when the teacher gave out "buckle" to Blue Blossom, he missed it on purpose to get an opportunity to talk to Molly Bruno. The teacher passed the word to Zeb. Breant, who spelled it thus, "B-u-e-c-k-l-e—c-u-e-c-k-l-e—e-c-k-l-e—c-u-c-k-l-e—y," which was the beginning of the end. Elijah Bayless waved the broom in the air and shouted for Zeb. Breant as the hero of the match. This aroused the ire of the Wolf Creek boys, and then came a shout: "Calamus!" Soon the air was filled with flying missiles. The "Gray Cats" came in and marched around with a gray jug filled with "nectar of charm," and the boys and the girls flew out at the windows and made for every safe place of retreat. The teacher was in so much danger that he grabbed up his three-legged stool, drew it down over his head, and ran out of the house. Blue Blossom "stole a march" on Professor Cunningham and escorted Molly Bruno home. She mounted the black charger, behind Blue Blossom, and away they went, she feeling as safe in his protection as if he were a king. He was delighted that he had achieved this victory over Professor Cunningham.

It is enough to say that nobody was killed, and that the house was left standing. The teacher migrated to a Western clime and there became Auditor of State. The noted "buckle" speller afterwards became a scholar and a "Hardshell" Baptist minister. He debated with Rev. Conner, a Campbellite minister, and Breant rather got the best of the argument. Both loved the Lord, but the shell of the one was about as hard as the shell of the other, only the one drank all the wine and ate all the bread, to the exclusion of the other; such was the ministering of the sacramental emblems.

At this time Dr. Rudasel had settled on the Chalk farm and established the Lutheran Church, dispensing both theology and physic. He began making inroads on the wily revelers from the east of Jackville; and as the old bellman gives to the bell its sweet, sonorous tones on each succeeding Lord's day, memory recalls his good work. Dr. Rudasel lived a long and peaceful life; and although he has now passed into that deep sleep that knows no waking, he has left a path of glory in the sky.

By this time the nation had grown great and powerful, with but little agitation, save over the slavery question and the annexation of Texas. In this weird place the annexation fever was strong. At the presidential election only one Whig vote was cast in Jackson Township; and Polk, who was elected President, sent to Jackville by Ned Hanigan a box of "Old Virginia" cigars for that township's being the banner Democratic town-

ship in the United States. It certainly was a great honor to be so complimented by the chief ruler of so great a republic.

The old muster was still an order of the day; but its interest was waning, owing to the power of the nation. There was now to be one more great muster. It was along in the year 1856. George White's farm, on Coal Creek, near the capital of Fountain County, was the appointed place of muster. Harris Reynolds took great pains in arousing his patriots for the occasion. Duart Cunningham, who was now famed for his erudition, and who was drifting into politics, was chosen to make one of his famous addresses, which savored of the Utopian. This was the grandest muster of all, in which Montgomery County took no little part. Bands of all kinds made the martial music of the day. Bass drums, snare drums, fifes, and everything else that could sound a patriotic note contributed to the din. Jackville went, with its patriots, troopers, and gay lassies. There were jolly men in their beautifully-colored sashes and their long-used muskets, which "Uncle Sam" had so generously furnished them. Blue Blossom rode his black charger, and Professor Cunningham rode as guest of honor. They arrived early in the day, so as to muster in the forenoon. Summers was there with his company, looking as grand as the famous six hundred at the battle of Thermopylæ. Harris Reynolds was commander in chief. He rode about the

grounds, and his presence was one of commanding dignity.

While the muster was proceeding in the morning, Professor Cunningham availed himself of the opportunity to escort Molly Bruno and Ada Morgan around the grounds and treat them to the delicious fruits and candies. He was tall, of a commanding stature; and his peaceful bearing gave him great dignity.

The noon hour soon came; and the dressed beef, as sweet as venison, which was roasted over the fire in the good old way, was ravenously eaten. This was the last muster, and the guns were to be turned in to "Uncle Sam," who would keep them for a future emergency. Professor Cunningham was to make this patriotic address. This gave Blue Blossom an opportunity to pay his respects to Molly Bruno, which he did with the air of a king. His plump form was beautiful; his cheeks were fair, tinged with the glow of youth; and when on his flying charger, he looked like a chivalrous knight. It seemed as though his path were redolent with clover. The people surmised that he would get the better of Professor Cunningham, although Mr. Bruno and his wife were against him—a good omen, however, for an objecting parent is generally foiled in the end. Whether the Lord wills it or not, I cannot say; but happiness is life in this short realm of nature before that deep sleep out of which no sleeper awakes. Cupid's fiery dart, springing from an endless

bow, which is the charm of the soul, is sure to win the enchanting prize. Love, so like the unchanging sun, is true to all—a jewel to every warm, pulsating heart. Professor Cunningham, with his majestic manner and fluent speech, put the people under the spell of his oratory; and he was there talked of as a candidate for the Legislature.

When the programme was over, the patriots marched around and stacked the old firelocks, to be put into wagons and taken to the capital of Fountain County. The people returned to their homes, sorrowful, after having abandoned this old work which their remote ancestors had established and which was pronounced a quick medicine for an offending foe. On returning home, all believed that the nation was safe with such a patriotic spirit prevalent among the people.

O, flag of our nation, wave o'er us still,
A boon on distant seas!
Thy annals be great and glorious till
Master of future mysteries.

Speak of thy glorious victories won
On many a hard-fought field;
Speak of thy christening and renown.
Thy heroes never can yield.

Again winter was at hand, the earth being covered with snow; and the jolly youngsters began to enjoy the fruits of their labors. The whirring vehicles had not

yet made their appearance, but the pole sleigh and the jingling bells broke the stillness of many a rural place. There was a party at Captain Hybarger's. Blue Blossom drove over in his sleigh, which he had christened "Ida Louis," and took Molly Bruno to the party. All the nighboring boys and girls were there, dressed in their best for the occasion. Professor Cunningham had on his swallow-tailed coat; he looked like a "city swell." He asked Molly Bruno to slight Blue Blossom and allow him to escort her home. She was willing to keep company with him, but would not agree to this proposition. Ada Morgan was there, as winsome as a beautiful pearl; but she had not that magnetic appearance of Molly Bruno, whose pretty brown eyes were so bewitching, while her golden earlocks hung in curls of enchantment about her beautiful face. Molly Bruno treated the Professor with great courtesy. Clara Shanks enjoyed the party, not knowing the fate of beautiful flowers.

The time came for the young folks to go home. The gentlemen assisted the ladies with their wraps. When Blue Blossom went to get his hat, it was gone; no search could reveal its whereabouts. It seemed that it was the trick of a slighted lover. But Blue Blossom was nôt to be outdone. He drew from his pocket a red bandanna, tied it around his head, and away he and Molly Bruno went for home, scudding along over the snow to the music of tinkling bells. His black charger seemed to

realize Blue Blossom's condition and went the faster. Molly Bruno enjoyed many a good laugh at the red bandanna incident.

"Molly, will you not give me your entire attention?" asked Blue Blossom.

"Mr. Oliver, that would mean the destruction of our courtship," replied Molly, very kindly. "You know papa's great friendship for Professor Cunningham, who is a very good man; and I have kept his company to hide my love for you from my father."

"For God's sake, Molly! Am I destroying your happiness?" asked Blue Blossom.

"No; not at all, Mr. Oliver," said Molly.

"Then some day I will come and claim you as mine," said Blue Blossom.

Molly made no reply, for her kind heart had passed through many trying ordeals.

Blue Blossom arrived safely at home, victorious over his rival.

The Professor convoyed Ada Morgan home, and Robley Huts escorted Clara Shanks.

The proverb, "All is fair in love and war," seemed to be the rule with these rivals. The vernal days were here; the lovely rays of the sun fell upon the earth, bringing Nature to the fullness of her glory. The birds in the trees sung songs of love to the awaking bulbs of never-dying flowers. The warmth of the spring days melted youthful hearts into loving passion, and

God's attachment of kindred beings was inevitable. The silver rays of Diana shimmered through the boughs of the trees on Wolf Creek. Beautiful Clara Shanks went forth, a sweet rose of summer. Her immaculate dress

WOLF CREEK POOL, WHERE CLARA SHANKS WAS FOUND DEAD.

bespoke her virtues, modesty, and simplicity. Chafing under some of the restraints of her parents and the slight offenses of others, she went over to a neighbor's to redeem her sacred honor, which had been slightly marred by the fiery tongues of busybodies. Lit-

tle did her parents dream that she would never return. A wonderful mystery it is. No one on earth can tell how the spirit of beautiful Clara Shanks took its departure, whether by violence or by self-destruction (rumor has many theories); but when the Lord unrolls his recording judgment scroll, there may appear a picture that will startle the souls of men. The mortal remains of the beautiful Clara Shanks were found between the high walls at the falls of ancient Wolf Creek in the placid waters of the wild, meandering stream.

The waters played upon her breast,
And tears were in her eyes;
Her cheeks were pale and cold in death;
Her soul adorned the skies.

Could she but come and tell the tale
From her warm, beating heart!
Could she reveal her death of woe—
How came she to depart!

God has forbid; it cannot be.
'Twould harm some peaceful breast.
Great souls of mortals sleep in peace;
Unmindful, sweetly rest.

He who encompasses the globe,
Living immortality,
Calls the wand'ring traveler home,
Blissful eternity.

CHAPTER VI.

There is generally a long quiet before a storm. The elements, counteracting each other, bring about a great calm, broken only by a gentle zephyr; but as warm winds begin to blow from the south, the rifting, gray clouds arise from the western horizon, thickening and gathering, filled from the fountain of waters. At certain intervals great agitation arose over the slavery question, threatening to deluge the land. The famous Dred Scott decision by Judge Taney in 1857 electrified some of the Northern States, which passed personal-liberty laws, declaring void that decision, or, in other words, nullifying it. This was a part of the work of the "Know-nothing" party, so called from their great silence, at once calling to mind the proverb: "Still water runs deep." This party formed an organization the purpose of which was to carry escaping negroes to the Dominion of Canada. The mode of transportation was called "The Underground Railroad." It was soon well organized, with conductors and stations and a few emissaries promoting their traffic. The Democratic party stood by the decision of Judge Taney and objected to this mode of procedure. It took a long time for the

people of Jackville to become aroused over such affairs; but when they did feel the impulse of it, it was like a desperate conflagration, consuming all before it. Peaceful now as they were, they did not wish to be disturbed. This Know-nothing party naturally formed the Republican party, the corner stone of which was the betterment of the condition of the slaves. Rev. Sol. McKinney went to Kentucky from Montgomery County, Ind., and preached the freedom of the blacks. He was horsewhipped and run out of the State. The Republicans commenced running this "railroad" on a gigantic scale. Darkness was the road, secrecy was the steam, and any kind of locomotion was the car. The road did not run straight; it ran in many directions. It worked best in Republican localities, where there were the most conductors. The houses at which fugitives stopped were called "stations;" those that assisted the refugees from place to place were called "conductors." Garrets, cellars, barns, thickets, and cornfields were the hiding places of the fugitives. There were many different signs used at stations. Between Bloomingdale and Annapolis, at a Mr. Ruebottom's, there was an old rocking-chair set out on an upper porch, which signified to the runaways that it was a place to stop and rest. Another sign in Montgomery County, one mile north of Alamo, was used by Hiram Powell, who had sold his slaves in Kentucky and settled here. He painted the tops of his chimneys black as a sign of refuge. There was a line of railroad

run from Parke County, by Alamo, to the station at Joab Elliott's. He owned a hewn log house, built in 1830. The upper part of the house had a large garret,

JOAB ELLIOTT'S UNDERGROUND RAILROAD STATION.

which was used as a hiding place for slaves till "a more convenient season." The house, which is one-half mile north of Alamo, is still standing as an historic relic of those trying slavery days. The conductors

on this line were Thomas Elmore, William Gilkey, and Dr. Brown. Thence the line ran to Yountville. There the station was a small house, on Sugar Creek, owned and run by Abijah O'Neal. The slaves were thence sent to Crawfordsville, in the care of John Speed and Fisher Doherty, who sent them on. Mr. Doherty had as many as eight slaves in his station at one time. A large sorrel horse owned by Mr. Gilkey, was the principal mode of transportation from Alamo to Yountville. At one time six negroes were kept in Mr. Gilkey's cornfield, east of Alamo, for a week. When Thomas Elmore discovered that the Democrats were "on to" the secret, he said to Dr. Brown: "Those negroes must go to town to-night." That evening he brought his old gray horse, got Gilkey's sorrel animal, hitched them to Gilkey's wagon, and started for Crawfordsville. He reached Doherty's about midnight. As Elmore had forgotten the password and Doherty was not at home, Mrs. Doherty would not receive his dusky freight. So Elmore hastened to Mr. Speed, who took charge of them. He put a ladder against the house, and the negroes climbed, through a small hole, into the garret and awaited further shipment.

An escaping negro was seen in the woods east of Alamo by Ira Compton, who was hunting. Sugar Creek was swollen, by reason of recent rains. Compton pretended that he would capture the negro, who plunged into the stream above a large drift and swam to the

middle of the creek, catching to a snag. Compton frightened him with his gun, causing him to loose his hold on the snag, and he was drowned. His remains were quietly buried on the peaceful bank of Sugar Creek.

The Constitution of the United States and the ordinance for the government of the territory northwest of the Ohio River contained clauses for the arrest and return of fugitives from labor, but the Northern people did not like the business. The first fugitive slave law was enacted in 1793, the penalty for harboring or secreting a slave being five hundred dollars. The question of greater protection to slaveholders was before the United States Congress in 1796 and in 1801; and from 1817 to 1822 still further efforts were made, but nothing was done until 1848. How great a loss the Southern States sustained by this institution will never be known. John A. Quitman, once Governor of Mississippi, declared that under the Act of 1793 the State of Mississippi had lost thirty million dollars by the one hundred thousand slaves abducted in 1850. The penalty for harboring a slave was increased to one thousand dollars, but still the practice went on. While this increased penalty gave some satisfaction to the South, it was most galling to some of the Northern States.

It is said that the name "underground railroad" originated with Tice Davids, of Kentucky. He was pursuing a slave; and the slave very suddenly disappear-

ing at Ripley, O., Davids remarked: "Surely that negro has gone off on an underground railroad."

The mysterious organization referred to had its president, who gave orders and kept the machinery in motion. Levi Coffin, for thirty years reputed president of the road, was perhaps more widely known than any other man in the service. His house, at Fountain City, Ind., was a central station for three roads from the Ohio River. There were men who sought out trusty individuals, to whom they would send printed notices of the organization of a new road and ask them to be ready to receive visitors at any hour of the night. In order to secure their safety they were informed as to who kept the next station. Between 1842 and 1862 over one thousand fugitives passed over one of these roads to Canada, where the abolition sentiment was strong. The road spread out like a great vine, drawing the runaways to combined centers. There was generally a written statement sent in advance of the fugitive caravan, such as the following:

"ROCKVILLE, Saturday Morning.

"*Jonathan Bowls:* Business is arranged for Saturday night. Be on the lookout; and, if possible, come with a wagon to meet the train. DODGE."

"*Dear Fisher:* Uncle Jack says that if the weather is fair, look for those three fleeces of black wool tomorrow night. Send them to the nearest market. No back charges. Yours, JINKS."

Some of the letters stated the number of passengers as "three sacks of black wool," etc. Each section had its own signs. At Oberlin, O., there hung out, from an upper window of the home of Rev. John Rankin, the life-size picture of a runaway negro. Disguising the slaves played an important part in their escape. Wigs, bonnets, veils, powders, and the like were extensively used. Such things as these in such a Democratic stronghold as Jackville would naturally arouse the ire of the people, and especially when these things came under their own observation. To-day many beautiful stories are told of the escapades and of the sly schemes, which were not so pleasant to all concerned. Some had to lose in human chattels, and none gained, save the poor black man who had fled for his freedom. Some of these scenes were weird and full of dramatic interest.

In 1858 a mulatto girl about twenty years old, neat and comely and possessed of some education, reached the home of John Speed, of Crawfordsville, Ind. She was secreted in the garret over the old log kitchen, where fugitives were usually kept when there was danger. Owing to the presence of her pursuers in the neighborhood she had to remain there several days. Suspicion finally rested on Mr. Speed. He began to receive visits from strange men, who came to inquire the price of live stock, and remained to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the escaped slave. The girl's place of hiding was seen to be no longer safe; so one

dark night she was hurried "across lots" to a colored family named "Patterson." Here she was arrayed in as fine a costume of silk and ribbons as it was possible to procure at that time. She was then furnished with a white baby, borrowed for the occasion; and thus disguised as a lady and accompanied by one of the Patterson girls as servant and nurse, she boarded the train at the station. Great was the shock she felt when she found herself in the same car with her master, who, having failed to discover her in the neighborhood, was setting out now to watch for her at the end of the line. Her courage and ladylike composure did not desert her, however; and Detroit, Mich., was reached in safety. Here she boarded a ferryboat for the Canadian side. As the boat was about to start, she sent ashore her pretended maid, with the borrowed baby; and just as the gang plank was being raised, she lifted her veil, that she might bid her owner good-by. The master's display of anger as he gazed at his departing slave was as real as the situation was gratifying to her and amusing to the bystanders.

The men who risked so much in this contraband contented themselves with the idea that they were obeying a higher law than the one they were violating. The dividing line between the free and the bond was known as "Mason and Dixon's line." These wretched people cut many capers on reaching Canada. They laughed, they cried, they kissed the earth, and they embraced

each other, each exclaiming: "Bress de Lawd, I'se free befo' I die!"

In the Democratic stronghold of Jackville the people naturally sympathized with their brethren in the South, and no little malice was slumbering in the deep recesses of their hearts. Dr. Rudasel was still doing his good work at the Lutheran Church. On one occasion, after services, the pious Professor was promenading with Molly Bruno. Blue Blossom still maintained his stately air; and, on meeting the Professor and Molly, he slightly tipped his hat and courteously said: "Good morning!" Molly, under the surveillance of her father, with a sweet smile, said: "Good morning, Mr. Oliver!" She well knew that Blue Blossom would understand the situation. Molly's actions toward the Professor served to satisfy her father, who was a quiet, good man, overanxious in regard to the suitors of his daughter. Blue Blossom joined Ada Morgan, and the quartet strolled through the beautiful cemetery, where some of the old settlers lay at rest. A budding rose, a blooming flower, now and then grew upon the grassy mounds that marked their silent resting places. These beautiful flowers recalled the vigor of the youthful days of those who had long ago passed away; and as the party surrounded the grave of Clara Shanks and the once beautiful Nettie Sowers, tears started from their eyes as they thought of the tragic end of both these girls. A

vacancy, a chasm, was in their hearts which could never be filled. Like the dew of heaven, this sweet memory lingered as nothing else in their lives. It seems that hearts are made better by these solemn endearments. God, who speaks in every breeze, whispered through the pines these solemn thoughts. Molly Bruno seemed to be in a state of melancholy, so strong was her attachment for Blue Blossom; but she did not reveal her state of mind to her companions. Her heart yearned to be free, but she could subdue her feelings for the sake of others. As they meditated upon the lives of their two friends and their tragic ends, it made them low-spirited. They knew the wheel of fate was sure, but would it be peaceful with them? Ada Morgan—poor girl!—had sacrificed her pleasure on many occasions; but she lived to make others happy, and well she knew the sorrow of Molly Bruno. She had often been the means of relieving Molly from the pressure of these two rivals. Gay, young, and sweet, she moved with an air of modesty. She seemed almost a supernatural being, capable of magnetism.

Robley Huts and Elsie McClain joined the party, and they strolled along to the bubbling spring, where circling little waves played against the green, interlacing water cress lying along the shady little stream. At this place, which appeared like a haven of dreams, they abode for a time and talked of the masterly sermon of Dr. Rudasel. He was quite proficient in the

dead languages, besides being a doctor of medicine and a protector of souls. It is seldom that such great power is found in the life of one man. They recalled the many happy days that they had spent together. The corn huskings were over; the lively dances, the life of a new country, were not so frequent. This impressive change dawned upon them; they also thought of the wings of time as the river of life broadens as it majestically winds its way through the world. Molly Bruno, though entertaining, was deeply affected at heart, and her gentle spirit gave an impression of the soul. As one looked into her sweet face, her brown eyes, so dreamlike, but spoke of her deep meditation. Professor Cunningham spoke of the velocity of the brook, as he noted the tiny pieces of bark afloat upon its surface.

By this time Blue Blossom had made a swing in the boughs of a tree, and was swinging Ada Morgan in his gentle, childlike manner.

"Ah," said Molly Bruno, in her heart, "that is life. Away with cold philosophy for me! I love the simplicity of nature."

Age had given the Professor his sedentary habits and deep turn of mind, which Molly Bruno detested. She arose and asked the Professor to excuse her while she took a swing with Ada Morgan. Molly seated herself in the swing, and Blue Blossom gently swung her and Ada. Blue Blossom's heart beat with ardor, as he whis-

pered in Molly's ear (when Professor Cunningham was not looking) that he would like to come over on Sunday evening. A sweet smile in her eye and a gentle bow of her head gave the desired reply.

A whip-poor-will announced the setting of the sun, when comes night's sable curtain upon the earth and bids repose to the weary world. The party then made their way along the rippling brook, by the old church, toward home. "Good-by," "Good-by" was echoed from lover and lass; and they strolled along leisurely, hand in hand, to where abide the blessings of peace.

CHAPTER VII.

Rumors of war had been heard in Jackville over the great slavery question, which was constantly growing warmer. The election of 1860 showed to the world the growing strength of modern thought. Men preached according to the dominant idea of the people of the locality in which they lived; none dared to enter a community and teach any other than the political ideas cherished by its people. The nation's troubles were not theirs, where sectionalism was dominant, unless forced to take a part by the grim hand of power. Agitation after agitation in the United States Congress finally led to secession and dissolution, which was bound to affect Jackville, which was like the little republic of Switzerland. The name of the post office at this place was now changed to "Wallace" by the Governor of the State, giving to it his own name. Later, by an Act of the Legislature, the town was given the same name; but it still retains its prehistoric name, "Jackville." The call of the President of the United States for troops was not respected. Still, the storm cloud was gathering and lowering. The elements were full of the fiery fumes of war. The aurora

of the northern sky shone in grand display, which aroused the minds of the superstitious as foreboding a great and terrible struggle. These beautiful lights of the north still recall these great events as tradition comes flying down the annals of time.

Harris Reynolds, the great Democratic hero of the day, was looked upon as the guardian and protector of Jackville. He was consulted on all occasions. He was sometimes abused, but he was still master of the situation; and he was the greatest distiller in the community.

The South, to meet the ravages of the "Underground Railroad," had instituted the "Acorn," with signs and passwords. The members were known by the Republican party as "Knights of the Golden Circle." It had spread out until it had reached this rural place, and had grown wonderful in magnitude. In this great struggle, owing to their political faith, the scriptural prophecy of setting father against son and brother against brother was being fulfilled. The "Acorn," like a great sponge, absorbed all those of the same political party for miles around, keeping in touch with the chief orders in the cities of Terre Haute, Indianapolis, and Chicago. This organization was not against the government, but its chief purpose was to stop the secret transportation of slaves. However, it was fast turning to self-interest, its members using it to protect themselves against being drafted and forced into the war against their will.

Professor Cunningham still taught the growing youth

of the little village, giving light to the soul, paving the way to nobler manhood; Blue Blossom, who belonged to the yeomanry, still tilled the soil—a happy, friendly being.

Jacob Riley Dodge was wealthy and rugged, and was rather a peculiar man for the times. He visited his sweetheart one Sunday evening; and, on meeting her father, he introduced himself as "Mr. Jacob Riley Dodge, son of old Jake, who tans his own leather and makes his own shoes." To be sure, this pleased the gray-haired sire.

The noble William Allen—a man of profound wisdom and courage—with his loud nasal twang, still expounded the gospel at Wolf Creek Church. He taught, preached, and set the example of a servant of God. "Auld Lang Syne" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," broke the stillness of many a Sabbath morning. As the songs were sung with the quaver of long meter, they beset the soul with visions of love.

Blue Blossom and Molly Bruno went over to Wolf Creek to church, and the good old Baptist minister bade them a happy "Good morning!" He was a great admirer of Mr. Bruno. They enjoyed the day in the lovely valley of Wolf Creek, never dreaming of the noted events that might take place there in time to come. The wild and rippling stream went running and splashing and dashing through its channel of time. In their happy rambles and gentle conversation, Blue Blos-

som, buoyed up by a full heart, said: "Molly, I would to God that you were mine; but how dare I take you from an objecting parent?"

Molly Bruno, with a heaving breast, responded: "Mr. Oliver, as Eve became unto Adam, so I would become unto thee."

These words rendered their hearts tender and thoughtful. Blue Blossom sought to win the good will of Mr. Bruno, who was so attached to Professor Cunningham.

The next wind from the east wafted to this locality news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter. A call for volunteers came from the President of the United States. A few in these rural haunts responded. In a short time some of them deserted the cause, and officers came searching the country for them. This agitated the people. The "Acorn" was in full blast, and its members discussed the situation in their secret meetings. As the nation fell short of men, the draft Act became a law; and the riots in the streets of New York raised dissatisfaction in many places. In this place the people became desperate, as they desired to take no part in the rebellion. Professor Cunningham was called upon many times to make speeches on the question of the rights of the people and on constitutional law, and he moved the people with his eloquence.

Thus things went from bad to worse. William

Geeting and J. Russell got into a heated discussion; and Geeting stabbed Russell, killing him. Then Geeting went to the war as a balm for his act. He was a man of fine physique and a gallant soldier.

The friends of "Old Hickory" erected a hickory pole in the heat of the campaign in memory of the sainted old war horse of New Orleans. The weather becoming cool, Riley Osborn went out one morning to cut the pole down for wood. Squire Hybarger, having awakened from his peaceful slumbers, discovered the transgressor in his rash act and discharged his trusty six-shooter at Osborn, who hastily retreated.

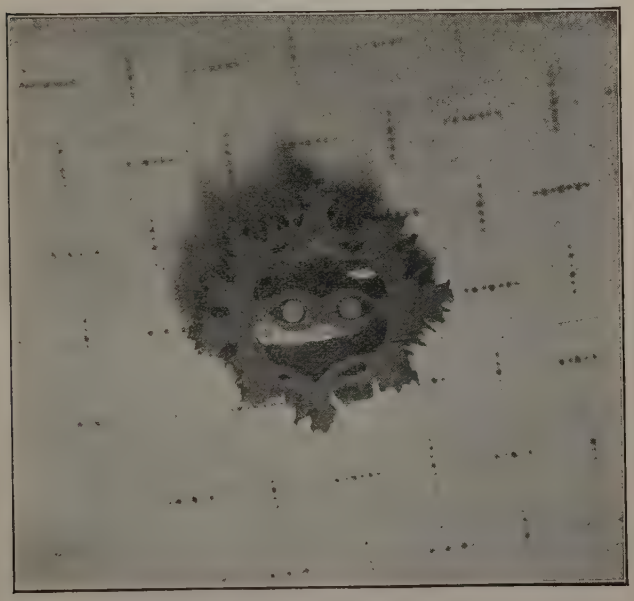
The increased revenue on whisky also bore heavily upon the people and caused dissatisfaction.

Mr. Bruno was still running the mill, and the Professor had a longing for the enchanting music of the mill and the loving heart of the beautiful miller, whose every charm fascinated his soul. Molly Bruno received him with courtesy, and the distant, murmuring sounds of the mill caused them to reflect on the primeval days of the world. Mr. Bruno did all the distilling, making the fiery "elixir of life" go coursing its way through the worm of the still. The Professor spoke to Molly of the troublesome war; but she—sweet darling!—gave it no thought, for her mind was upon her work and the simple pleasures of life.

The government had sent John McBailey, an enrolling officer, into Jackville, preparatory to the draft. Oppo-

sition was high, and a Mr. Morgan and some others tried to capture McBailey. They were stanch "Acorn" men. McBailey reported them, and they ran him away; and for this they were arrested. The night recognition sign was, "See that star;" the answer was: "I see." The day sign was the right hand closed and raised, with the thumb to the right shoulder; the distress words were, "O, Coon!" and tradition has it that the bottom of the right pantaloons leg turned up was a means of recognizing an "Acorn" man. If an "Acorn" man heard the distress words, he would go to the assistance of the person giving them. The lodge password was "Agrippa." When arrested, Mr. Morgan had his trusty gun in a fence corner near him, with a good "Navy" six-shooter in his boot leg. He was a kind of walking artillery. Mr. Morgan was taken by the soldiers to Alamo, where they were given a banquet. They did not invite Mr. Morgan to eat, but left him to hunger. The warm-hearted landlady, Miss Fishero, served him with the best that her board could furnish, thus forming a tie of friendship that would never be severed. A young horseman, named "Samuel Bruner," of Jackville, followed them to Alamo. Alighting from his horse near Luthern near a little creek, he pealed a strip of leatherwood bark, tied it around some butternuts, made a string of beads, hung it around his neck, and proceeded to Alamo, where he astonished the natives with his wonderful audacity in riding through the streets displaying his colors, which

the people thought were averse to the Union. He still persisted in displaying his colors, though the people talked of vengeance and of stripping him of his



A BUTTERNUT BREASTPIN.

dazzling array of jewelry. He continued to do as he pleased in this patriotic little town, until he retired in good order by the persuasion of a friend. The arrest of Mr. Morgan was accomplished by Barney Russell, a

valiant Union soldier, of Crawfordsville. Alamo sent more men to the war than any other town of its size in the State.

In those days it was not uncommon to see men wearing butternut breastpins, revealing their party affiliation; and many a hard-fought fisticuff took place over the snatching of a butternut breastpin from its wearer. In many cases the courts were called upon to decide these cases, bringing into court this paraphernalia of butternuts, large and small. Especially was this true in Montgomery County, where the soldiers relieved some civilians of these breastpins. Samuel Wilson defended the civilians; Gen. Lew. Wallace defended the soldiers. The court acquitted the latter. Mr. Morgan was taken to Crawfordsville, where he was the center of attraction about the halls of justice until he was released. Aside from his political sympathies, he was considered a model man.

Jacob Riley Dodge met a man one day. Desiring to know if the man belonged to the "Golden Circle" and forgetting the day sign, he asked: "Do you see that star?"

"No," said the man; "I don't see any star here in the daytime."

Dodge turned away, determined to study more closely the workings of nebulous matter.

Blue Blossom worked hard at his occupation, contentedly trying to earn a competency for two. As he

was drawn into this center of trouble by his love of the fair, he was sure to be drawn into the folds of the "Acorn;" for, according to the adage, "When in Rome, one must do as Rome does." He never shrank from a duty, and he distinguished himself for gallantry.

Professor Cunningham, being desirous to know his future life, called upon a fortune teller. She took some cards and shuffled them; then she dealt them to interpret the signs. Always, on nearing the queens, there seemed to be some one appearing in a dark shadow. The wizard interpreted this to mean opposition; but life seemed bright and lovely, as his token was always associated with the kings and other high cards. So she revealed these things to him, as the ancient astrologers revealed them to the people; but she intimated that by persistent effort he might be able to remove the shadow and overcome his rival. Then, with all his magnetic powers, he began his suit. Being blessed with a good salary, he was able to be more stylish and to have more of the luxuries of life than his rustic rival. As he was a constant reader, he had a great many beautiful stories at his command; and Molly Bruno, perchance, had listened to almost all of them, as the old log fire had glowed and sputtered and sparkled, casting their silhouette upon the wall. Perhaps old Father Bruno had watched this flickering sheen and dreamed dreams of their future happiness. He could see them going down through those enchanted bow-

ers, as though he were under a charm. It was like the front view of a mediæval castle—everything bright, with a glow of splendor to catch the sparkling eye of the beholder; while in the background was the real home of the peaceful master, living and loving and enjoying life. The Professor gave an intimation of his desire for her hand; but she, in her childish way, seemed not to understand; and the misty veil of night still darkened his way.

The draft Act was the talk of the day, and many declared that they would never go to war. To assist the Union cause, George Lay, from near Waveland, talked of establishing Union lodges in Jackson Township, which the Jackvillians interpreted as meaning to assist in enrolling the men for the draft; so they gave him notice to keep away. Flame added to flame, until there was a furnace of fury. Captain Budd, from Judson, and George Lay, with the home guards, came over, looking for deserters. They stopped at the home of Captain Summers and demanded breakfast, but no deserters were found. The soldiers tore down his corn pens, fed in the yard, and threw five hundred bushels of corn upon the ground. They then commanded little Frankey Summers to show them the way to a neighbor's, where they thought the deserters were hiding. Frankey refused to go; whereupon they pushed him against the wall; stuck their bayonets, close to his neck, into the wall; and bore them together against his

neck; and still he refused to go. When his father said, "Frankey, you had better go, or they will hurt you," he complied with their orders. But it was of no avail; they found no deserters. The father's advice to Frankey was a little like the remark of Sir Francis

FRANKEY SUMMERS' EXPERIENCE WITH THE SOLDIERS.

Drake, who laid his whiskers aside when about to be beheaded, saying: "It is a pity to have that cut which has done no harm."

In a neighboring town lived a noted attorney, who was hunted for belonging to the "Acorn." The sol-

diers came to his house while he was in his kitchen. There was no chance for retreat; so he jumped into a flour barrel, and his wife adjusted the cover. The soldiers did not find him, however; but the secret was soon revealed, and he was ever afterwards called "Flour-barrel Jimmy." Later he was elected as a member of the Supreme Court of the State.

It seemed that the climax would now come, so desperate had the situation become. Godlove S. Orth had been nominated for the United States Congress by the Republicans, and he had set a date to speak in Jackville, which was against the wishes of the Democratic party. The day came, and Orth arrived, filled with the "oil of joy" to nerve him to withstand the wily "Acorn" men. At every sound of his voice there was a hiss or a groan. Then came shouts for Reynolds. Orth was completely overwhelmed, and asked Reynolds to speak; but Reynolds declined. Finally he was persuaded to speak. Orth might have known better, for Reynolds was a man of convictions and was as brave as a lion. At every echo of his voice came cheer after cheer, and Orth was listening. Reynolds declared that rather than have the people go to war he would see every sprig of grass in Jackville wet with their blood. This was an echo of the sentiment of the people. On returning to Lafayette, Orth had Reynolds arrested. This only added fuel to the flames. Colonel McManaway, who came to arrest Reynolds, could not find him. Reynolds had got

a "tip" of the proceedings and was on the lookout; and while Colonel McManaway and his soldiers were in Reynolds' house, Reynolds was looking in at the window at them, thinking of the power of gunpowder, with two "Navy" revolvers in his hands. He retired, however, to the sulphur spring, in the west end of the town, and sent a messenger to Colonel McManaway. The good officer left his guards and went to Reynolds. At the request of Reynolds, who agreed to keep the peace, Colonel McManaway went to Crawfordsville and telegraphed to the Governor that Reynolds could not be found. The Governor replied: "Stay till you get him." Colonel McManaway came back and had another secret meeting with Reynolds, who agreed to go to Indianapolis if Colonel McManaway would see that he was not mistreated and would let him go as a citizen. Colonel McManaway then sent his guards away, they not knowing what had taken place.

The next morning Reynolds appeared, and he and Colonel McManaway started to Indianapolis. They had gone but a short distance, when Reynolds stopped at the home of Mr. Shular to get some "nervine." Mr. Shular was not at home, but Mrs. Shular told Reynolds that she had some fresh and good "nervine" in the smokehouse, and that he could help himself.

Seeing that Reynolds was greatly troubled, Mrs. Shular asked him: "Mr. Reynolds, where are you going?"

"To heaven, I hope; but to h—l, I suppose," replied Reynolds.

Owing to the pressure of the times, Blue Blossom could not get to see Molly Bruno as often as usual, and it seemed as if the Professor would win her; but when Blue Blossom did get to see her, the sun shone brighter and the earth was filled with joy. Mr. Bruno, who seemed not to understand the fervency of love, was pleased that Blue Blossom saw Molly so seldom.

One bright Sabbath morning Blue Blossom, in passing Mr. Bruno's, saw Molly sitting in a commodious swing. "Good morning, Molly!" said he.

"Good morning, Mr. Oliver!" she responded, joyfully. "Come in and enjoy a swing."

"No, darling; I'd rather take a walk," responded Blue Blossom.

"Your choice is my pleasure, Mr. Oliver," said Molly; and, putting on her bonnet, she tripped along and met him at the gate for a ramble.

As in all ages lovers have desired to be alone, where the deep truths of affection may reveal the mystic ways of happiness, so it was in this case. Here Blue Blossom told Molly, in an open declaration of his soul, that some day he would come and claim her as his own; and he asked her to be faithful to him. Her sweet lips were pressed to his lips with the true seal of love. They returned by the mill, where she had often ground the golden grain and sung sweet songs to the

music of the mill. The stillness of the hour brought about a tranquillity and quietude of soul not often experienced. As the eventide approached, a gentle twilight adorned the western sky.

"Good-by, Molly!" said Blue Blossom; and, with a gentle clasp of her hand, he departed.

Molly, with a faint heart, leaned upon the gate and watched his departing form fade slowly out of sight. That picture lingered with her for some time after he had gone.

The election that fall was disastrous to Orth. Through the advice of Reynolds, the Democrats tried to get all the Republicans to vote before noon; and at noon Reynolds showed his hospitality by taking the members of the election board home for dinner. The ballot box was placed in a front room, the doors were closed and locked, and the board was soon enjoying Reynolds' sumptuous dinner. While this was taking place, two confederates (John C—— and Clinton R——), with a duplicate key, entered the front door, opened the ballot box, took out all the Republican votes, and put in as many Democratic votes. They then retired, locking the door behind them. Four more Republicans voted after dinner. One of this number put his folded ticket into his pocket, and, on reaching in after it, pulled out his road receipt and voted it, leaving but three votes for Godlove S. Orth. "The way of the transgressor is hard," but Orth was thought

to be amply repaid for having caused the arrest of Reynolds.

All sectional strife was put away, the "hatchet" was buried, and the men began to form companies. Some of them marched west of the village to a place known as the "fox field," and rumor said that they wore their coats wrong side out so as to recognize each other.

Mr. Summers, with three hundred men, went to Rockville to muster. They were ordered to leave, and not to return, by the home guards, as though they were the guardians of the city; but in six weeks they returned, eleven hundred strong, marched about the city, discharged their artillery into a high bank, reloaded, marched to the city, and awed the home guards to silence with their magic firelocks.

Professor Cunningham became a more frequent caller at Mr. Bruno's, taking the news of the war and the troubles of the people. He entertained the old gentleman with public affairs; he entertained Molly with heartfelt love. In their evening strolls Molly and the Professor visited the little village, where they saw the men in crowds standing on the platforms and corners of the streets discussing the dreadful times. The Professor accented his "p's" and "q's" with perfect stress, he being a good linguist. As they walked home, Molly held the Professor's arm, and their heads slightly inclined toward each other. Sweet were the words of

the Professor—words which savored of the golden strains of love. His stately form was a model of grace. On reaching the gate, he bowed as courteous as a knight to Molly, bidding her good night, and then returned to his home.

While Mr. Reynolds was in Indianapolis, his friends sent him plenty to eat and drink, and the ladies sent him Bibles and other literature, affording him plenty of entertainment and comfort. Governor Morton sent for him, and he took dinner with the Governor. The Governor offered him the command of a regiment in the army if he would take it, but he declined the honor. The provost marshal, Garland Rose, gave Reynolds a great deal of liberty, taking him about town, introducing him to the public men, and giving him brandy toddies and cocktails. He met Exgovernor Willard, and spent a social time with him. The provost marshal, after taking several brandy toddies, became intoxicated. He gave Reynolds the key to the prison and asked him to take him (the provost marshal) home, which Reynolds did, thereby becoming both provost marshal and prisoner. He went to the prison, and the guard refused to let him in. Reynolds, being a good talker, asked the guard to let him try the key in the door. Finally the guard let him try, thinking that he was fooling him. Reynolds, as shrewd as an expert, put the key in the lock, swung the great door in a jiffy and leaped in, closing the door after him. The door was so heavy that one man could hardly open

it, but Reynolds was muscular. The guard was completely humiliated by the cunning of Reynolds. While incarcerated here, Reynolds was drafted. The officer that drew the names held Reynolds' name in the palm of his hand and drew it first. Reynolds saw a colonel, and gave him a fifty-dollar bill, telling him to report him (Reynolds) all right, and his troubles were over.

The enrolling officer demanded forty-seven men from Jackson Township, which was twice as many men as were asked of any other township; and these people served notice on George Lay not to meddle any more with them, which he resented.

McBailey, after being run away from Jackville, went to Hillsboro and formed a company. One day, while drilling his men north of town, some of them took a fife and a snare drum and went away out in the bushes and began to play, when McBailey shouted: "Attention, boys! Attention! The enemy is now upon us; and if you have to retreat, retreat honorably; for I am going now."

Rev. Jonathan Vancleave had preached against the war, and the rumor got out that the soldiers were going to kill him. The "Acorn" men commenced to get their things together for the next Lord's day. Rev. Vancleave went to Waynetown, as usual, and began preaching. The "Acorn" men arrived from Jackville, with their guns in a wagon covered with hay. They left a guard in the wagon and proceeded to the

church with their trusty six-shooters. After they were seated, the home guards came in, marched up one aisle, around in front of the minister, and out at the other aisle. "Click, click, click!" went a hundred revolvers, as the hammers were set for action. The look of the crowd told the soldiers that death was hovering close to them; so they went away. They had heard the music of the death dealers, and they chose resorts more pleasing. After the crisis was over, the captain showed Rev. Vancleave their guns and told him their intentions if the soldiers had tried to injure him. For many a Sunday after this the plucky preacher took his gun to church with him to defend himself while serving the Lord.

It was about this time that Squire Bell, of Montgomery County, went down into Fountain County and united in marriage Eal Blackford and a young lady of that county. In a few days the lordly Squire learned that his commission did not extend beyond the bounds of his own county; so he hastened down to see the parties and requested them to be reunited, as they were not legally married. On being sent for, Squire Hybarger came and solemnized the rite with the lordly air of a judge.

Many a peculiar incident took place during those times. One nervy Republican, who was muscular and brave, carried missiles with which to whip Democrats; and on starting to town one day, his elder son ran to

the door and cried: "Pap, you've forgot your steelyard pea!"

Men began to be on the lookout for officers, and the young girls and their lovers were often estranged by the fears incident to war. They agreed to have a picnic at Shady Nook, which was a kind of trysting place for lovers. The well-filled baskets of the pretty lassies were sure to satisfy the strong appetites of their lovers. When the day of the picnic arrived, Professor Cunningham escorted Molly Bruno to the shady dells. Julius Harlow, Samuel Bruner, Robley Huts, Ada Morgan, Elsie McClain, Abby Hybarger, and the other old chums of former days were there. Blue Blossom, with his jollity, joined the crowd. It seemed to be a reunion of lover and lass, who gave utterance to their all-absorbing sentiment, while the older people talked of the war. Molly Bruno longed for a conversation with Blue Blossom; but the cunning Professor would give her no opportunity, for he feared the charming words of the heroic knight. However, Blue Blossom joined Ada Morgan, the pretty damsel, whose soul was full of childish glee. Through her he thought to master the situation. After the repast, Ada Morgan asked Molly Bruno to take a walk to a shady cove, where Blue Blossom was in waiting for them. They walked away happily, hand in hand. In this calm and sweet retreat love unfolded its mystic ways and renewed its fervor; true hearts blended their inward

fullness. It was like the old, familiar song: "Blest be the Tie that Binds." The murmuring of the brook, the soothing balm of the air, the whispering sounds of the dells, and the echoing of lovers' voices made the place as sweet as a fairy's dream. Ada Morgan swore fealty unto them; and then they returned to the Professor, who was none the wiser for the occasion. Julius Harlow, by a freak of nature, was exempt from the draft; and he could serve as a messenger without fear of danger. This joyful meeting, where lover and lass could reveal their loving thoughts from the fullness of their hearts, was good for the soul.

CHAPTER VIII.

The tide of feeling now ran high; the breakers dashed and tossed with fury; the dense clouds thickened; and Jove's forked lightning flashed, each vivid flash revealing in the elements the approach of an angry storm. The powers came together with terrific force, to be poured forth with wonderful vengeance upon the foe. The leaders of the "Acorn" met and determined to chastise George Lay. They put the matter before the oracle, who advised them not to do so, giving good reason for his advice. But reason gave place to spleen, and the inevitable came to pass. David R——, James H——, Watson Black, Edward Sipes, and many others, after loitering at the fountain of "booze," could have met a Napoleon or a Wellington on the highroad to battle. Strapping on their trusty six-shooters and shouldering their fowling pieces, they mounted their cavalry steeds, and away they went to the scene of conflict, intent on having satisfaction for the past. A faint "Halloo!" as from the voice of a neighbor, failed to bring the wily George Lay from his castle. Then a council of war was held, and they determined to break in the door, which had been made as secure

as the palisaded castle of a valiant knight. They stormed the door and made a slight opening, through which the weapons of war belched forth their fiery thunder. A struggle ensued, and a shot took effect in George Lay's hip; but, like a hero at his post, he fought on with a corn knife, severing the flesh to the bone on Marion A——'s cheek. Mrs. Lay fought like an Amazon by the side of her husband. Then she ran upstairs and blew an old dinner horn, making a terrible noise; and the daring rangers shot all the window lights out of the window at which she was standing while sounding the note of danger to the neighbors. This seemed to suffice, and a cessation of hostilities was declared. As they were mounting their horses to retire, a shot rang out, and Watson Black fell dead from his horse. This was the most critical point of all. It paved the highroad to discovery. Black, who previously, while under the influence of liquor, had knocked the globes in William Allen's church from their bearings with his fist, was carrying his hand in a sling. He had set his gun against the fence; and in trying to raise it up by the muzzle, it was discharged, nearly severing his head from his body. They picked him up, in true Indian style threw him across his horse, and took him to Montgomery's Cave, where their high spirits, as day stole upon them, were turned into sorrow. What to do with the body was their trouble. Finally they deposited it in the cave, whose entrance was to Sugar Creek

as an amphitheater. In this quiet, secluded place two of the brave men guarded the remains for three days, until the excitement died away and they could get a safe opportunity for burial. They were

MONTGOMERY'S CAVE, WHERE WATSON BLACK'S BODY WAS HID.

determined to guard the highway to their secret. Two of the knight-errants of yore, being in love, on passing their fair ones' residence (Jacob B. Lowe's), stopped to see them. They went in; and as "an open confession is good for the soul," they revealed their troubles

to the pretty damsels. Their parents, being Unionists, it was like sowing to the whirlwind. Soon the home guards overran the country, hunting for the body of Black, a deserter, who, rumor said, had been killed; and they also sought the perpetrators of the deed. This made it hard to get a chance to bury the remains of the dead chieftain. But, like the burial of Sir John Moore, night's sable curtain must be the means to hide their unfortunate work. On the third night after the spirit took its flight they repaired to Wolf Creek Cemetery. There, secretly and silently, they cut the green sward perfectly straight and removed it with care; there they dug the grave of their hero, while the home guards were in search of them. It meant death to any man who would disturb them. They threw the loose earth on horse blankets, so as to leave no trace of their work when the grave was finished. There, in the gloom of night, they laid him to rest, sticking his bayonet into the ground at the head of the grave as his funeral rite.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

"We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

"No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

"Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory.
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone;
But we left him alone in his glory."

O God, it is an awful sight
To see the human soul take flight!
I've seen it pierced with wingèd spear,
The soul went hurtling through the scar;
I've seen it pass from lowly bed,
And leave the mortal cold and dead;
I've seen it linger on the sward,
And pass out gently to its God.

They filled the grave, tramped down the earth, and put the sod back like it was before, leaving the grave without a mound; they then carried the remaining dirt and threw it into the creek, so as to leave no trace of their mysterious work.

The home guard came from Rockville, looking for deserters; and while riding across a ravine, Edward Sipes, a deserter from the Union Army, shot and killed

THE TOMB OF WATSON BLACK.

Inscription:

"His toils are past, his work is done,
And he is fully blest;
He fought the fight, the victory won;
He enters into rest."

a horse under one of them; and they went pellmell back toward Rockville.

Captain Bud, hearing of the battle at George Lay's, came over with his regulators to demand peace and hunt up the perpetrators of the deed. Marion A—— had shot Lay, and himself had received a cheek wound. He was suspected; and Captain Bud tried all means to get him to divulge the secret, offering him clemency for the offense; but he would not tell anything. He was a true knight. Captain Bud then ordered his men to weigh Marion A—— by the Indian method. The men got a rope, put it around his neck, and swung him up to a little water-beech tree, which leaned over, making a graceful curve, as though rendering its obeisance in prayer. They let him down occasionally to see if the time was ripe for a confession, but he gave them no information. They hanged him until he was virtually dead, but he would reveal nothing; so they let him go, limp and lifeless, as they thought. Almost immediately that part of the tree above where the soldiers put the rope died, leaving the part below alive. It remained in this condition for many years, being known as "the tree of mystery." It aroused the superstition of the people, who supposed that the Lord had cursed the tree on account of Captain Bud's rash act.

Captain Bud then went to Henry Roach's. There his men committed some depredations, and he sent some of them on to Jackville. They had not been gone long

before they heard the firing of guns, when the Captain commanded: "On, boys! On to Jackville! They are firing on the soldiers!" The men loped their horses to the top of the hill, only to see their comrades dispatching a flock of geese.

The draft Act was now in effect, and the wrath of some was great. Blue Blossom was drafted, and he was sad at heart, because he would be taken away from his fiancée. He had not seen her for a long time; and while he was getting ready to go to the war (for he was not able to hire a substitute), he contemplated visiting her.

Sunday morning was bright and lovely. The sun rose like a great disk of gold, and every living creature seemed eager to drink its mellow sweetness. Molly Bruno had heard of Mr. Oliver's being drafted, and she was sad and lonely. She did not feel the light of the glorious morning; she was living in the thoughts of the future. She arose early, thinking that probably she would never see Mr. Oliver again. Her heart was full of melancholy and sadness. She could not be content; so she put on her bonnet and strolled across the fields toward Wolf Creek. In a few moments Blue Blossom came along and inquired of Mrs. Bruno concerning Molly. Mrs. Bruno told him that Molly had just gone toward the falls of Wolf Creek. Blue Blossom mounted his horse, fearing that something was wrong, and hastened to Wolf Creek,

where he found Molly sitting on a log and looking into the falls, crying. She did not see him approaching. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her, inquiring what was the matter.

"Mr. Oliver," said Molly, "I feared that I would never see you again, and I could never be happy."

"Fear not, Molly," said Blue Blossom. "If God permits, I'll keep my vow. I am drafted, but I trust in God to save me. I must go to-morrow, and I wanted to spend a day with you. Cheer up, darling! Think no harm, and hope for the best."

"Mr. Oliver," said Molly, "my trust is all in you; and when you vanish from me, the day is dark and gloomy."

"Molly," said Blue Blossom, gently, "let us go away from this dismal place to your father's house."

Arm in arm, the two strolled along, Blue Blossom leading his Arabian horse. The horse seemed to know their loving thoughts.

On reaching Molly's home, Blue Blossom hitched his horse to the fence, where it had often stood before; and they seated themselves in the nursery swing beneath the great elm, whose leafy boughs spread their shade for yards around. Ada Morgan came over to bid Blue Blossom good-by, and she seated herself by them.

Like cooing doves, Blue Blossom and Molly spent the day. It seemed that they could never part, but the government's orders must be obeyed. As the twilight

hour approached, a strange feeling came over them. He asked her to be faithful and write to him, that he might be brave and serve his country. He slipped a golden memento on her finger, and she sobbed bitterly. She took from her bosom a golden heart and pinned it on the lapel of his vest near his heart, asking him to remember the one whose hand had pinned it there. As he took his departure, she leaned upon his shoulder, and, with their hands clasped, he kissed her good-by. After his departure, she was sorrowful; but she put her trust in God, the Master of fate, that Blue Blossom might return to her.

Things seemed to be getting worse, and the government sent a company of soldiers to Jackville. As they came from Crawfordsville, they camped in Fountain County, on Elijah Clare's farm, where they shot their guns and stabbed the trees with their bayonets, frightening the natives with their deviltry; and they sent spies into the weird old village. The Jackvillians, hearing of them, decamped to the brakes and hills adjacent to the town. The soldiers went on to Jackville the next day, camping in Lewis Grims' pasture. They shot into the trees and banks with their big guns, whose sound went roaring and echoing and reverberating through the forest, causing a slight fear to come over many an heroic man. They were now in a land of spirits, and perhaps they loved to be under the strange spell of flickering images.

The "Acorn" men met and determined on attacking the soldiers. It seemed as though the district of Jackville would secede from the Union. The "Acorn" men sent out messengers to all the country round, crying: "O, Coon! O, Coon!" Many a gray-haired sire shook his head as he was notified of the approaching crisis. However, they got seven hundred of the rangers together at Lusk's Deadening, and called on Harris Reynolds to address them and assume command. Reynolds sent word to John K. Davis, of Rockville, to come up and address them. As the people came, the echo of "Halt!" "Bang!" resounded throughout the neighborhood. "See that star, see that star!" was heard through the gloom of night, until it really appeared that the heavens were one eternal galaxy. Seven hundred men were soon in camp, with a good reserve. They had two barrels of whisky to steady their nerves, and an old wagon served as a speaker's stand.

About that time the "Acorn" met near Alamo, in Bunker's cooper shop, and Taylor Sering stood as sentinel. A man named "Absalom Gilkins," seeking to find out something about the order, came too near, and Sering cried: "Halt! Who goes there?" Gilkins started to run, and Sering fired, shooting Gilkins through the hand. Gilkins carried his hand in a sling—"nursing a boil," as tradition would have it.

Everybody cried for Reynolds, and he mounted the wagon and began to speak. He advised the men not

to fight. He said that he knew they could easily whip the soldiers, but that the government would send more soldiers, and then they would have to hide in the hollows and wherever they could. They were very much disappointed in his speech, as they were eager for a fight. It is said that Reynolds began his speech thus: "We can whip them, boys; we can kill every one of them; we can literally exterminate all of them." At this point he looked up the road and saw a great cloud of dust rising high in the air, and he cried out: "Run, boys! By h—l, they are coming!"

John K. Davis came, and in a one-hour's speech he warned them not to fight the soldiers. He spoke from the rickety old wagon, which has gone down in history as the savior of one hundred Union men.

Reynolds marched with the men to Russell's Mill, where all disbanded, except eighty men, who were eager for a fight. They camped at Summers' for the night.

Reynolds stayed all night at Russell's Mill; and on going home the next morning, he went by the way of Summers', where the eighty men were camped. They received him rather coolly. He was the Napoleon of the vine-clad hills. He bade them good morning in his usual courteous way. A long tree lay upon the ground, having been uprooted by a storm, and Reynolds said: "Boys, I want you to be in good humor; I want you all to sit down on this log and take sacrament from

this bottle [pulling a bottle of brandy from his pocket], and then all go home." They sat down upon the log. Reynolds passed the bottle along, and all of them touched it to their lips, after which they went home, thus averting a terrible battle.

Reynolds was a seer of eld. His moving power was great, and well he knew it; and that was his reason for declining to lead the "Acorn" men in a massacre of the Union soldiers.

Blue Blossom was now at the front. He had fought in the battle of Shiloh, where twenty-five thousand Union men had lost their lives; but he had come out without a scratch, though many of his comrades were slain.

Professor Cunningham was on "flowery beds of ease." He cared not whether "school kept or not," just so he was with Molly Bruno. He was a frequent caller at the Bruno home. Molly received him courteously; and she listened attentively to his recital of the recent battles, of the casualties, and of the sick and wounded, hoping that if Mr. Oliver was unfortunate she would hear of it. About this time the Professor was able to get one of those Eastern vehicles known as a "buggy," with which he was enabled to escort Molly in stately style and whisper love in her ear. He never forgot to press the matter of connubial felicity; and he sought to fascinate her with his bountiful riches, his abundance with which to keep her. This was all very

well; but Molly had once seen a sweeter flower in its ruddy nature, whose presence she loved.

The mail had just arrived, and the battle of Shiloh was all the talk. Molly received a letter, postmarked "Shiloh, Tenn.," and away she went to her room to learn its contents in secret. The letter was as follows:

"*Miss Molly Bruno.*

"BELOVED FRIEND: I am in camp. I have just been in a terrible battle; thousands were slain, but I escaped without any injury. Do not forget me, as I always think of you and the happy day we spent in Wolf Creek Valley, where, before Heaven, I made a vow to you. Darling, I think of you always. Write soon.

"Your loving friend, JOHNNIE OLIVER."

After this letter was received, Molly still had hope; and the Professor had no great advantage over Blue Blossom, though he was far away. It was like receiving a message at the hands of an angel, the sound of whose vibrating pinions is sweet and soothing to the hearts of lovers.

A rumor was now going the rounds that soon the men would be arrested for the rude chastising of George Lay. Many were fearful of the event; so they went to consult Reynolds, the oracle, in regard to the matter. He told them that there could be nothing done, except to effect a compromise. A consultation was held, and they agreed to try that plan. Reynolds was selected as the man to make the effort to compromise the

matter; and he, with David Roach, went to see George Lay. They found him in bed on account of his wounds, but he was brave and angry. They talked pleasantly for a while; but when the trouble was broached, he became terribly enraged. Reynolds proposed a compromise, whereupon Lay drove them out of the house. Reynolds was a good talker, however; and he stood at the door and talked to Mrs. Lay, using his magic powers with wonderful effect.

It began to rain while Reynolds and Mrs. Lay were talking at the door, and she said: "Pa, Mr. Reynolds seems to be a good man. Let us invite him in, out of the rain."

The long-sought opportunity had come. It appeared that the Lord was intervening in their behalf by sending a pleasant shower to bring about harmony and wash away their sins.

When in the house again, they conversed more freely; and Reynolds again proposed to compromise the trouble, offering Lay seven hundred dollars to release the men. This offer did not have the desired effect; so Reynolds offered to throw in his trotting horse, Boxer. This "knocked the persimmon." Lay's lawyer—Tom Rice, of Rockville—was sent for, and everything was adjusted. The seven hundred dollars and the horse, with an additional amount sufficient to make two thousand dollars in all, were turned over, which the lawyer eagerly received; and the troublesome fight was at an end.

Once more the oracle restored to the men their gasping breath, which they had been "holding" for so long a time.

Politics still ran high. The "Acorn" men had a meeting at J. Risley's, in Terre Haute. There Reynolds met Judge Secrets, of Green Castle, and many other prominent men from over the State. The campaign of 1863 was coming on, and the Democrats met at Indianapolis to nominate candidates and to consult for their best interests. They nominated Joseph E. McDonald for Governor, and much spleen and vindictive language was used in regard to the Republican policy. Daniel Voorhees, with all his power, used his influence to allay the restless people. Many of the leading "Acorn" men of the State were there in close consultation. The plan of one Mr. Dodds and a man from French Lick was to break into the armory and relieve the prisoners of war. Rumor said that six Rebel generals were in hiding in the city, but there was no verification of such a statement. Joseph McDonald was apprised of these mysterious doings among some egotistic fellows. He did not desire the beautiful city, in which he took so much pride, to be torn up; so he informed Governor Morton, who had cannon planted on the streets, some of them pointing toward the Capitol, so as to awe the people to peace. A great many men from over the State, some of them from Jackville, were arrested. This destroyed a great deal of the force of the

"Acorn." Its last meeting was held in Chicago, which one of our noted characters attended. Some suspicion rested on McDonald regarding the Democratic plans. He received a light vote, giving an immense majority to Morton, thus strengthening his policy.

Molly Bruno answered Blue Blossom's letter as follows:

"*My Dear Mr. Oliver:* You cannot imagine how happy I was to hear from you and to know that you were well. May God spare you to come home with glory and honor. My life I trust with you. Though the earth cease revolving, my thoughts will live in you. Answer soon. Your loving friend, MOLLY BRUNO."

About that time one Philip Julien, a Republican and a resident of Montgomery County, went down to Wolf Creek to be initiated into the "Acorn." He was given the first degree. He was sworn to support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Indiana, after which he was retired for further orders. A Mr. Clark, from Alamo, then appeared upon the scene; and the further initiation was never given, and a cunning spy was defeated.

About that time some men near Alamo that belonged to the "Acorn" were arrested by a United States officer and taken to Crawfordsville. Mr. George Clark, the chief ruler, followed them. He did not desire to see the men too badly treated; so he warned the officers not to

put the men in jail, or there would be trouble. The officers repeatedly threatened to put the men in jail, but finally desisted. When Clark's mission was fulfilled, he mounted his horse, which was in readiness, and in an hour rode to Alamo, a distance of twelve miles, to let the seventy "Acorn" men of Ripley Township and the eighty "Acorn" men of Jackson Township, who had assembled in readiness, know how things were. The men were at Clark's Mill. They proposed to relieve the men if they were incarcerated. Things went to suit them, and they contented themselves by annoying Dr. Brown, of Alamo, who was a chief in the "Underground Railroad." They then went home in peace.

About the same time Daniel Voorhees was offered five hundred dollars to make a speech below Mattoon, in Illinois; but he would not go unless Harris Reynolds would go with him. Reynolds, being a brave man, consented to go; so they got ready and started. When they got to Mattoon, where they had to change cars, they had to wait three hours for a train. They went to the hotel; and in fifteen minutes three hundred home guards visited them and gave them thirty minutes in which to leave town. This was a sad case.

"What shall we do?" asked Voorhees.

"We cannot leave town," replied Reynolds; "so we will just oil up our guns and sell ourselves as dearly as possible."

So they burnished their guns and peacefully awaited

their fate. When the time was up, the soldiers came and hooted and jeered, but did not come in.

When train time came, Voorhees again asked Reynolds what they would do, for it seemed dangerous to face such a howling foe.

"Get your grip and your gun ready," said Reynolds. "You walk before, and I'll walk behind; and I'll shoot the first man that lays hands on you."

They then started for the station through the howling crowd. None of the men attempted to touch them; for if they had, some of them would have "bit the dust." So they boarded the train and went on. When they arrived at the place, ten thousand people were assembled to hear the great orator of the Wabash. Everything terminated well, but such occasions might serve to raise and whiten the hair in a single moment.

The draft was now over, and forty-seven men of Jackville were gone. Some absconded, but most of them took a front seat on "Uncle Abe's band wagon," though the tide of the music was low. The soldiers were still at Jackville, using plenty of the "oil of joy." When they met a burgher that did not see things as they did, a few of them ran riot in the town. With this exception, they were good-natured.

Many moons passed, and the jolly regulators grew more in favor with the people, as they imbibed the harmony of spirit and made merry with the boys in their youthful days. There were fewer depredations, and the

sweet lassies smiled upon the "boys in blue," diverting their thoughts from the pangs of war to the sweet fields of pleasure. Thus love conquered where it seemed that angels would not dare to tread.

One Mr. Parsons, who had volunteered early in the war, had come home on a furlough. After spending many happy days in the village, he was ready to return to the war. He was a good friend to Harris Reynolds, and asked Reynolds to take him to Crawfordsville on his return to the army. On their way to town Parsons stopped at Hiram Powell's, who was a stanch Union man, to get something to eat, leaving Reynolds in the wagon. He got two pies and two chickens. Then Powell asked him who was with him. He would not tell, and Powell started to the wagon with him. Reynolds, perceiving Powell's object, left the team standing in the road, threw a horse blanket over his head, and walked up the highway. Parsons drove after him with his luxuries, leaving Powell no wiser for his trouble.

Other difficulties began to make themselves manifest. The increasing war debt caused an increase in the revenue on whisky, which bore heavily on the people of Jackville, who had paid but little revenue up to this time. It was about to break up the small distilleries, and many of the people devised plans by which they might evade the law. A great deal of traffic was carried on at night, which was known in a legal way as "moonshining."

Professor Cunningham, on a certain Sunday morning, went in his new buggy to take Molly Bruno to Wolf Creek to church. He drove up, alighted, hitched his horse, and went in. Molly met him on the piazza. He bowed courteously to her and invited her to accompany him to church. She accepted his invitation, and they were soon on the road. A crack of the whip on old Fleetfoot sent them jogging along at a pleasant gait. The Professor was fluent in the use of "big" words, and he spared no pains to use them. Molly was a good listener, and the Professor had things pretty much his own way. Presently they reached the church, where William Allen was in the midst of one of his big sermons. They soon went in and listened to the trials and troubles of the apostles as narrated by the eloquent minister; but the Professor thought that it was all as nothing compared with the trials of his courtship. When the sermon was over, the kind-hearted old pastor went around and shook hands with them, invoking upon them the blessings of the Lord as he gave them his felicitous clasp of the hand.

The Professor and Molly were soon seated in the buggy and going toward home. Molly was looking as beautiful as a lily. The Professor caused old Fleetfoot to slacken his speed to a walk, prolonging the drive so as to enable Cupid to play his part; the Professor wanted to be inspired with the magic that would unfold the secret of Molly's heart. As the trusty Fleetfoot

brought them nearer and nearer to Molly's home, the Professor pleaded passionately with her; but he failed to solve the mystery, for Molly was alert and sly. The Professor's heart was bursting with love, but there was no relief. Arriving at the house, he alighted, assisted Molly to alight, bade her good-by, and he was gone. He could not tarry longer; for his heart was full, sad, and heavy. But he still had hope of winning her.

Bright shines the way of love in its hope
To the heart that never can falter;
It turns as a theme measured in trope,
And leads the poor muse as a halter.

Blue Blossom was now in Sherman's Army, marching to the sea, fighting day after day; and his letters to Molly Bruno came farther and farther apart as time went on, and his once ardent love seemed to sleep under the great strain of war. Time seemed to cool that which was once ardent and amorous. However, when he reached Atlanta, Ga., he wrote the following letter:

"*Miss Molly Bruno.*

"DEAR FRIEND: I received your ever-welcome letter a few days ago. You cannot imagine the pleasure it gave me to hear from one at home so dear to me. It was like the voice of an angel in this lonely place of death-dealing woe. I often think of you. Please tell me all about the Professor, Miss Morgan, and all of our friends. Do not forget one that loves you as himself. Good-by, darling; good-by!

"Your affectionate friend, JOHNNIE OLIVER."

Blue Blossom had been informed, by Ada Morgan, as to the Professor's new buggy, and he wanted to see if Molly Bruno would speak of it.

Joseph Bryant, a government detective, under the guise of a doctor, had located at Jackville to ferret out the illicit stills. He was a jolly good fellow, and took part in everything, trying to be a leader. He came with the air of a "city swell," puffing his Havana cigars, tipping his hat to the ladies, doing things "brown." He made the acquaintance of Professor Cunningham; he also became acquainted with Ada Morgan, Elsie McClain, and Molly Bruno. Things ran as smooth with him as the sailing motes of a sunbeam.

Professor Cunningham had been nominated on the Democratic ticket as a candidate for Representative. He made many speeches in his gentle, airy style; and he made many friends, shaking hands with the ladies, kissing the babies, and endearing himself to the people. The election came off, and the news soon came to Jackville that the Professor was elected, thus giving him fresh laurels. This was welcome news to Mr. Bruno, who hoped for the Professor a bright future. Now that the Professor had received this additional honor, Mr. Bruno urged his daughter the more to accept his hand in matrimony.

John Dobbins, who ran a cab occasionally from Jackville to Crawfordsville, started to the latter city with Bryant, after procuring some of "Shoaf's best." Along

the way they took on James Donner as a passenger. They arrived at Crawfordsville early in the day, did some business, and started for home. Along the way home the cab, being as top-heavy as the passengers, toppled over in a ditch. The horses took fright and ran for some distance, with the passengers in the cab. Donner thrust his head through the door and cried: "Help, help!" However, the driver stopped the horses and let the passengers out. They righted the cab, and all got aboard and resumed their journey.

When Donner got home, feeling very sick and fearing his good wife, who had many times corrected her "lord and master," he went to the barn and crawled under it. His good wife, fearing that something was wrong, went to look after him, and found him "roosting" under the barn.

"What is the matter, Mr. Donner?" asked his mistress.

"O, nothing," said he, "only I have been eating some lemon pie."

His statement might have been true; but she took him from his perch, only to find that he had been in company with a government detective from Jackville.

The State Legislature having convened, the stately Representative from Jackville appeared at the Capitol, ready to wrestle with the momentous questions of the day. His quick wit and fluent conversation made him a master of that august assembly. Well could he re-

mark: "I am monarch of all I survey." Many bills were introduced, and the Professor took part in the discussion of all of them. He soon saw that the Speaker's clerk was cramped for room, and he immediately introduced a bill to add two feet to the west side of the Speaker's stand for the use of the clerk. The bill went through like a whirlwind. Then came a bill for the benefit of the public schools, and it was passed in a jiffy. It was now seen that he was a past master among the logrollers of the State, as though he had been reared among the happy woodmen. On one occasion, when extolling the virtue of the farmers and growing Utopian in his imagery, he held up his horny hands and remarked: "Why, I was reared between two corn rows." Whereupon a "happy go lucky" bawled out: "Pumpkin, by h—l!" But the Professor was not to be embarrassed by the schemes and intrigue of egotistic "bummers."

The Professor took a few days' leave from the Legislature and visited his old home at Jackville. The people everywhere greeted him cordially, praising him for his integrity and fidelity. He was like a man who could wrap his martial cloak about him and lie down to pleasant dreams. He harnessed up old Fleetfoot and drove over to Mr. Bruno's to see the beautiful maiden. She met him with a sweet smile, like a dew-sparkling rose on a bright summer's morning. Her golden, glossy hair fell over her shoulder, absorbing the beautiful

splendor of the sun, bringing out the sweet damask hue of her cheeks, while her brown eyes sparkled with joy. There, in that haven of rest, Mr. Bruno bade him welcome to the best fruits of the farm and still. The sparkling fluid added fluency to his tongue. Soon he asked Molly to take a drive, and she accepted the invitation. They drove down through the little village, and the villagers on all sides bowed to them. It was a happy day, and Molly saw how the people honored him. They drove by Luthern, and the sight of the little brook and the cemetery brought memories of the days of yore. Molly could see Blue Blossom standing by the shady swing. Then she became low-spirited. She was in a quandary as between her lover in the war and the Professor. The Professor talked of the future and of the happiness of the saints. He told her that he could never be happy unless she would become the queen of his home, and that she was the idol of his heart. This brought the proposal clear from the shadow of hints. She could not treat it lightly; so, looking solemnly into the realm of space, she said: "Mr. Cunningham, there is one on whom my affections shine like the sparkling rays of the golden sun; and while he lives, I cannot love another. It would be the destruction of two hearts; their broken parts could never be cemented."

This was a severe blow to the Professor, who was deeply in love; but it revealed the inwardness of a true heart—one that pomp and pride could not change.

The Professor and Molly returned in the twilight with heavy hearts, thinking seriously of the future. Time, the wheel of fate, did not reveal to them their true visions of glory.

It was now clear to the Professor that Blue Blossom was the possessor of Molly's heart, and he was more than ever determined to win her. The war and Blue Blossom's remoteness would furnish the opportunity for the accomplishment of his purpose. He made a league with Julius Harlow to accomplish it, and then he returned to the Legislature.

About that time the citizens of Jackville met in the "spirit emporiums" to discuss public affairs. One day Tobin Osgood came around in the midst of a heated discussion with two powder horns. He had one of them filled with powder, the other being empty. He sauntered around for a while and pretended to be a little tottery. Presently he remarked, "Well, I don't want this any longer," and opened the stove door and threw one of the powder horns into the stove. Squire Hybarger and all the others fell over each other getting out at the door. One frightened lord asked: "Squire, what shall we do with him?" "Turn him over to the 'Calamus Eaters,'" was the reply. Things soon quieted down when it was seen that the building still remained intact.

Molly Bruno wrote the following letter to Blue Blossom:

"*My Dear Mr. Oliver:* I received your kind letter, and I was delighted to hear from you. Things move along slowly. The 'Acorn' is a thing of the past, and quiet is being restored. Occasionally a little trouble occurs. Professor Cunningham is in the Legislature, and he is fast gaining fame. I hope to meet you in the future. Be true and trust in me.

"Doubt not of the heavens above you,
Whence cometh true passions of love.
With the heart of an angel I love you;
Let God and the seraphs approve.

"Your loving friend, MOLLY BRUNO."

The Professor was in that august assembly at the Capitol, and his suspicion was aroused by a bill for the promotion of toll gravel roads, which allowed fifty freeholders to petition to tax the people to build a gravel road, of which five men formed the company, while the people "paid the fiddler." It was a scheme to build up the towns and the cities at the expense of the country. The corporations promoting this scheme employed two men to champion their cause. They tried to make work and life as inviting and fascinating as a dime novel. They were the well-paid attorneys of the gravel-road companies and their friends, and it was to defeat them in their wily schemes against the people that Professor Cunningham made this wonderful, flowery speech:

"Mr. Speaker: In imitation of the gentleman from

Marion County, also the gentleman from Brown County, I extend my vision much farther and unfurl my banner for the United States, which includes our own glorious State; and under our proposed free gravel roads we will be rocked in the bosom of two mighty oceans, whose granite shores are whitened by the floating canvas of the commercial world, reaching from the ice-fettered lakes of the north to the febrile waves of austral seas and comprising the vast area of five billion acres, whose alluvial plains, romantic mountains, and mystic rivers rival the wildest Utopian dreams of the inspired bard as he walked the amaranthine promenades of the hesperian gardens. Is proud Columbia 'the land of the free?' Is she 'the home of the brave?' The munificent heritage bequeathed the valorous sons of our Revolutionary fathers is indented by innumerable bays and gulfs, whose restless tide is ever kissed back by the pebbly beach, and interspersed by limpid rivers and lakes, the means by which commerce and civilization have been lifted to their present exalted station. America has been—and, aided by free gravel roads, will ever be—the most charming, alluring, and delightful retreat known to the progressive and migratory world. We have noticed the natural position of our fast-developing country, with its lofty mountains, fertile valleys, majestic rivers, and billowy seas, in all their natural perfection and enchanting beauty, as passed from the hand of the great Architect in the morning of time. Here we have everything that is calculated to be instrumental in the promotion and development of science, wealth, morality, power, and universal prosperity—all for which man, extravagant and consuming as he is, could hope or wish. But in contemplating and

D. W. CUNNINGHAM

(The Demosthenes of Jackville, with his masterly philippics).

considering these, we find other reasons why we, as a people and a nation, are destined to become famous and powerful. Situated between the twenty-fifth and fifty-fifth parallels of north latitude, we find that the most powerful and enlightened nations of the world have existed here from the beginning down to the present time. Greece, the very cradle of primeval light, science, art, and great men—Homer, Demosthenes, and a host of other learned spirits—is found here; proud and martial Rome—the birthplace of royalty, gallantry, and power—which sat upon seven hills and in composure and serenity issued edicts to the world, is found here; modern France, England, Russia, Italy, and Austria—the five great powers of the Western Orient—are found here; within this magic and inspiring belt the benignant Ruler of the universe for the home of man has also allotted to us our temporal destiny; here, in our own native land, the gallant sons of Genoa's craggy heights, with knees in suppliance bent, planted deep the floating banner of the cross; it was here for the beginning of our free government that the Pilgrim Fathers, kneeling on Plymouth's sacred rock, overshadowed by the capacious temple of the ethereal firmament, dedicated to God the wild woods, the mighty rivers, the abounding and productive prairies, and the genial and exhilarating skies of a transatlantic paradise; here, inspired by patriotism, amid the fiery tide of blood and battles for eight long and dreary years, cheered by the inspiring voice of their invincible hero and the love of liberty and independence, the sons of Columbia trod the gory plains of war.

"When we remember and rehearse the glories of the past, what cheering auspices span our political concave

with the rosy-fingered aurora of national progress and prosperity! From those indomitable spirits who, unconscious of freedom, boldly roamed the bleak wilds of ancient Scythia and Hyperbora and in torrents of blood, fire, and terror precipitated from the broad retreats of Alpine summits into and over the classic plains of Italy, deluging and inundating all Europe with a spirit of social metamorphism, we, liberty-loving Americans, have our lineage—independence—which is everything. Give us free gravel roads forever, but paying tollgates—never! Thus the Teutons and the Cembics, the spoliators of ancient civilization, whose potent hands had extinguished the lights of science and covered the world with a mantle of mourning, have, strange as it may seem, become the abettors of enterprise, learning, and genius.

"As the lurid glare of Jourels and Popocatepetl sends their blazing fires far and wide over the stormy deep to light the wandering mariner to his distant haven, so the colossal edifices of our benignant institutions have already made the country of Washington the brilliant cynosure of waking papalism and floundering superstition. Under our munificent institutions we have grown from a weak, small, and despised nation to one of power, dignity, and wealth, standing at the head of civilized government for learning, enterprise, benevolence, skill, and ingenuity; and we will, by means of posts, wire, and iron-bound thoroughfares, aided by free gravel roads, subdue and begirt the world.

"Talk of 'retrogression!' Why, under all disadvantages and trying circumstances, being opposed by an abundance of money, skill, power, and the best-drilled armies of the most powerful nations on earth, the

yeomanry of the country fought and won the great battles of freedom. They at once became the exponents of our independence, the defenders of our liberty, and the advocates and devotees of justice, which bedecks our Union with bright scintillations of unfading glory. Yes, the glorious inheritance gained by eight years of hard and faithful toil, privation, and bloody war; our position in, as well as our relation to, the world; our irrepressible industry, knowledge, and prowess, with the physical structure and natural resources of our country, disdainfully forbid the idea of retrogression in the management of free roads by the people. The blighted hopes of dear ones gone to

> "That undiscovered country,
> From whose bourne no traveler returns,"

seem to be casting their shadows over our tollgates as they mark the rugged pathway of human life, warning us, with the voice of a wise father, of man's stupendous follies and prodigalities. Discord and prejudice may be playing their fatal parts. Though our political horizon may be dark and obscure for a season and temporary want and adversity may seem to hover over our fair and beloved country, where is wont to be heard the busy hum of energetic enterprise and honest industry; though through unfair laws the iron heel of oppression seems to rule where liberty and justice, unfettered and unimpaired, should reign, yet by an honest application of, and a strict adherence to, those principles and precepts of the fathers of our country, we will, like the radiant sun in the east, shine forth in resplendent beauty, lighting up the dark and gloomy pathway of life, and

restore the government to its ancient simplicity and purity.

"I adjure the tollgate owners to heed the lesson of Æneas, who, when he was on his long and dreary voyage from the beloved Troy, sinking beneath the devouring elements of Grecian fire, having escaped from the fatal wreck of the Mediterranean Sea, and wandering amid the primeval solitudes of Lydia's desert shore, chanced to meet his goddess mother, who condescended to lift the veil and unfold to him in flaming vaticinations the thrilling annals of mighty Rome. Hear the crowning glory of this memorable message: 'Hic ego nec metas rerum nec temporapone emperium sine fine didi.'* Methinks a greater than Æneas indulged in similar assurances when the distinguished 'father of our country' bent and bowed by the sacred oak and offered up his fervent supplication to the God of glory, liberty, and equality for all men. If we, as a nation, will only adopt and put into practice those bright models of constitutional jurisprudence practiced by our fathers, our future greatness and celebrity are certain. Our proud country will then become an example worthy of imitation, executing existing laws, punishing gross violations of justice and humanity, and at all times and in all places protecting the good, the industrious, and the virtuous. Then, with free gravel roads, Christianity, morality, intellectual cultivation, industry, and social virtue, fostered by the free use of the roads, we will be stimulated to deeds of valor, patriotism, and benevolence, until we are possessed with and surrounded by all those blessings that are refining and ennobling to all our better natures and that are lovely to the eyes of men.

*I give to them an empire without bounds and without temporal limitation.

"I declare to you, through the farmers of this country, that the United States will yet stand forth, with all its mineral resources, all its farm products, all its intellectual and diversified combinations of power, as the protector and the defender of individual liberty, equal rights, and infant republics. Our morals, learning, wealth, inventions, productive genius, and the prevalent spirit and disposition for mutual prosperity, happiness, and national renown will combine all contrary and conflicting interests into one broad, expanding political faith and common agreement as to what is right and just among a people in a government of such vast wealth and a multiplicity of pursuits. The United States—Indiana, with its free gravel roads, included—will assume its position as the model government in the list of civilized nations, in the free exercise of those liberties which are so dearly prized by all lovers of right—namely, freedom of speech, freedom of action, religion, education, unrestricted liberty, with a universal and uniform diffusion of information, or knowledge. Then justice, mercy, hospitality, and forbearance will be exercised wherever American jurisdiction and free gravel roads are recognized. Yes, this government of ours will continue through the entire course of conflicting events and revolutions, with my banner unfurled, as at first, to the air of liberty and independence; inscribed with examples of moral justice, furnishing abundant illustration of the great truth and the importance of its being applied; showing that ignorance among the people governed is the only reliable support of arbitrary power and misrule; and revealing to all that we are building free gravel roads and are engaged in disseminating those republican and

democratic virtues and that Christian fellowship and refinement which are destined to overthrow every system of political oppression and tyranny throughout the entire habitable globe—that these virtues and this fellowship and refinement constitute the only safe and infallible foundation on which to build a government for a free-thinking, intelligent, and noble people.

"I am now satisfied that our tollgate defenders can appreciate a few lines from Moore:

> "'We feel like one who treads alone
> Some banquet hall deserted,
> Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
> And all but us departed.'"

As a phonograph reveals the most important characters of the present age, so herein are revealed the imperishable words of Professor Cunningham in his nobleness of soul and grandeur of purpose.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

Though the dazzling mirror be peculiar in its reflection and make-up, it leaves this valuable image, while this mysterious planet of ours continues its revolutions, casting its illuminating rays upon the most precious gems of earth.

Soon after this speech Professor Cunningham was walking along a street in Alamo, looking this way and that way, when Squire Truax accosted him thus: "Professor Cunningham, what are you doing?"

Professor Cunningham replied: "I'm invoicing the d—d town; if I like it, I'll buy it."

CHAPTER IX.

While these memorable things were taking place, Blue Blossom was with Sherman in his famous march to the sea, thence to Richmond. The constant move of the army made the mails uncertain. Opportunities to write were very scarce, and letters from the front were few. Lovers and parents grew very impatient to hear news from their dear ones. Blue Blossom's letters came farther and farther apart, until all trace of him was lost.

Bryant, the detective, had tasted the fruits of a still on Green's Creek, which he pronounced as genuine old "corn tassel;" but the "sleuthhound" could not find the still, though his olfactory nerves were good and his gustatory apparatus was a genuine tester of the essence of "corn tassel" distilled from the fruits of so many beautiful flowers. Bryant believed that he had located the distiller in the person of Emanuel Shoaf, but he could not locate the distillery. The suspect had a beautiful daughter, who did the marketing of the "corn tassel." So Bryant pretended to be in love with her, and his love was reciprocated. This he thought would lead to the discovery of the "moonshine" still, avoiding

much danger and inconvenience on his part. Bryant made an engagement with Margaret Shoaf for an evening call. He drove along the road, which, in its meandering course, crossed and recrossed the little stream, until he came to a little cove by the side of the stream—a beautiful, sheltered nook. Here, in this calm, tranquil place, was situated Emanuel Shoaf's residence. There was nothing suspicious about it. It was constructed from the natural forest in a style of simplicity. There stood Margaret's market wagon, which had conveyed many a gallon of the "oil of joy" to market. Margaret, dressed in up-to-date fashion, met him with a smile. She was by no means "slow." Being in the marketing business, meeting the shrewdest of men, she well knew the ways of the world. Bryant could not help admiring her, while at the same time he was peering into every little crevice for a clew to the stillhouse. No one was seen, save Margaret and her mother. Bryant had often seen smoke coming from the house flue at all hours of the hot summer days, which he thought was very suspicious in this locality. He seated himself by the side of Margaret, where he spent a very pleasant evening. She gave him a good drink of the "oil of joy." He smacked his lips, thanked her, spoke of the meritorious quality of the liquid, and asked her if it was made near there.

"No, sir," she said. "I have an uncle, who sent it to me. It is imported 'corn tassel.'"

This gave Bryant to understand that Margaret was alert and was not to be tampered with. Her cheeks did not even color, and she appeared indifferent to his question. Isolated as she was, she was in touch with the brain of the world.

Bryant left with little encouragement; but he made another engagement, so as not to arouse suspicion by his presence about the premises. He decided to go earlier the next time, so as to reconnoiter.

Margaret came to town as usual with her marketing. Bryant greeted her with happy words and kind graces, and told her that he would be down to see her in a few days.

One afternoon Bryant went to fill his engagement, and he saw smoke curling over the house top, and the odor of "corn tassel" was in the air.

"Ah," said he, "it is here somewhere."

He looked around, and behind the barn he saw a door opening into a cave. There he thought it must be, but there were no windows to admit light. He spent the evening with Margaret. He again imbibed freely of the extract of "corn tassel," and praised the oily fluid. His circulation had increased under its spell, his imagination was enhanced, and he had assumed an air of bravery. So, as night was approaching, he made an engagement with Margaret, bade her adieu, and started for home. After driving up the road about one-half mile, he stopped and hitched his horse. He was deter-

mined to investigate the cave; so he went around on top of the high bank, and there he beheld a peculiar light, which was first flickering, then glowing. The spell under which the rich "corn tassel" had placed him caused thoughts of evil spirits to come over him at this time of night. However, he went on; and a light, much like that of the rainbow, shone on the trees. Then thoughts of a pot of gold lured him on, and he came closer and closer to the little cave. Here he beheld a skylight in a mound of earth and a brilliant fire beneath, where Mr. Shoaf was making the extract of "corn tassel." He watched for some time, and then went home. But Mr. Shoaf had discovered his enemy; for on the wall hung a large mirror for the reflection of light, and Bryant in bold relief was shown in it as he crouched down upon the top of the bank. The smoke and the steam were conveyed through a pipe to the house, where they passed up the chimney and mixed with the elements. Mr. Shoaf could do nothing but await his arrest.

Bryant had a "tip" of another distillery down on Mill Creek. The distillery was run by Daniel Johnson, who was an expert "moonshiner." He pretended to work at the timber business, but he made an excellent article of the "oil of joy."

These were the last illicit stills, but a great many more men engaged in the traffic. John Murphy, John Hybarger, and John Shular ran the last stills before the reformation, in the springtide of joy and sunshine.

Bryant disappeared one quiet day, and then came the storm cloud which settled over the brakes of Green's Creek. The shower fell heaviest upon Shoaf and Johnson, who were arrested and taken to Indianapolis to answer for their unlawful doings. Shoaf called to his assistance Hon. Miles Ratcliff, who soon took in the situation. His defense was imbecility, which was carried out to the letter. Shoaf wore long hair, and the dampness of the cave seemed to promote its growth. According to directions, while he was incarcerated at Indianapolis, he did not groom it; and he soon looked like a Circassian lady, in her flowing, airy, bushy curls, or the bushy head of a wild buffalo. When Shoaf was brought before the court, His Majesty was soon convinced that he was *non compos mentis;* so he was reprimanded and set free. It is sufficient to say, however, that the pretender still lives and is able to care for himself. Johnson was fined and turned loose. Thus ended the famous business of "moonshining" at Jackville.

Professor Cunningham was at home, and was honored and revered by all. He had become the stately monarch of Jackville, and wore his honors proudly. His ambition had been crowned with wonderful achievement. He had been called upon to vote upon the fourteenth and the fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States; and being a Jackson Democrat, he resigned and came home, though the county soon returned him to the Legislature.

The Professor soon drove over to see Molly Bruno, whose cheeks were as sweet as a rose in the dewy morning. She met him with the same sweet smile as on former occasions. She took his beaver hat and escorted him to the parlor, where, like two lovely children at play, they spent a few happy hours. The Professor narrated a great many things which had taken place in the Legislature, especially the animated debates, in which he had always taken part. Molly was delighted with his great success.

Ada Morgan went over and joined the happy pair, eager to learn about the affairs at the Capitol. As the day grew cooler, they went out and sat in the nursery swing; and the birds nestled and sung overhead in the boughs of the leafy trees. In this haven of rest they sat and conversed. Presently the conversation turned toward the war and Blue Blossom. As none of them had heard of him since he arrived at Atlanta, they expressed their fears for him. Molly seemed despondent, and said but little; while many a thought, mingled with fear, passed through her loving heart.

Julius Harlow came along and joined the company for a pleasant conversation. It seemed like the happy meetings of other days, when the lovers met for social greetings amid the shady vistas near Luthern. The Professor straightened himself up and narrated some of the doings of the political peoples of the State. Some of them came from the swamp regions of the

north; others, from the rolling hills of the south—all exhibiting the peculiar traits and manners of their respective sections; but the real "Hoosier" was ever present, guarding his sacred liberty, which he regarded as dear to him as his life. The Professor was well aware that Julius Harlow had a mission to perform which had been deeply plotted by some "unknown" villain; so he soon took his leave of them for the evening, leaving the happy trio in the nursery swing enjoying the sweet autumnal breeze. If he could but have had a heart for the feelings of others, he would have sunk down in his tracks. Blue Blossom had written to Molly, but the letter had been lost in some strange manner; and Molly did not know that he had written to her.

Julius Harlow broached the subject of the war, and told Molly that he had received a letter from the seat of hostilities announcing the death of Blue Blossom; and, pulling the letter from his pocket, he read it to Molly, as follows:

"UNION CAMP, RICHMOND, VA.

"Dear Julius Harlow: We are all well, and are looking forward to the close of the war. We now have the enemy completely surrounded, and we expect to make their burning appetites do the rest. Our dear friend, Blue Blossom, was killed by the Confederates' exploding a mine under our camp. It is sad news to us all. Believe me, Your true friend, FRANK HORN."

As this letter purported to come from an old friend,

Molly could not doubt its genuineness. Great tears stood in her eyes, and she gasped: "O God, take me with the one that I loved better than myself!"

She wrung her hands and moaned, weeping bitterly; and, unconsciously clasping in her fingers the keepsake which Blue Blossom had given her, she turned it round and round.

Molly's deep grief touched the heart of Julius Harlow. He had intended to escort Ada Morgan home; but Molly would not be pacified, and Ada Morgan stayed to comfort her.

Believing the statement regarding the death of Blue Blossom, Molly's mind reverted to the scenes of Wolf Creek, where life was a joy to them.

Julius Harlow went away with a heavy heart, thinking seriously of the fate of Judas.

Some of the soldiers were coming home from the war, among the number being William Geeting and John Murphy. Murphy engaged in the grocery business, and became very wealthy. He kept a fireproof safe in his store, and his shining dust he laid away in its trusty vault. Unlike the Professor and Blue Blossom, he led a secluded life; but he was alert for the trade of the community, and tradition has it that he slept upon a goodly wallet of Chase's "government shin plasters." Brave as a lion, he slept as sound as Achilles on the battlefield of Troy. But in autumn's full harvest came the fate of him who slept in the midst of plenty. Mur-

phy slept in his store close to his strong box. One night, while the cock's clarion was still and the katydid sung not, some evil doers came, with bad intent, to carry away this resplendent treasure, the savings of many years. The fiends made an opening near the front door and went in for the coveted treasure. No doubt in the dark shades of night a misstep, the grating of a burglar's tool, or a tug at a quilt of his bed aroused the sleeper, whose iron will meant destruction to the fiendish intruders as he arose and poised himself upon the bed. Two shots rang out, and John Murphy lay dead upon the floor.

Dr. Livengood, whose house was across the alley from the store, arose; but there was a "rap, rap, rap!" upon his door, and a coarse voice spoke out in an emphatic tone: "Stay in, under doom of death!"

The Doctor obeyed the woeful mandate. He could see through his casement curtain into Murphy's store, and he beheld a large man, masked in black, rifling the store. Scared nigh unto death, the Doctor never set foot upon the earth's green sward until dawn.

The robbers took the strong box out of the safe, and carried it some distance north to an old mill, where they opened it, losing a valuable gold coin and some pennies. Then they dispersed, to be heard of no more.

When the villagers awakened, the sad news spread like wildfire; but the culprits had flown.

Pretty soon a one-eyed detective came upon the trail,

imbibing plenty of the essence of "corn tassel," sleeping in old goods boxes, and playing the freaks of a clown in general. He stayed for more than a month, but accomplished nothing by his many eccentricities; so he sought his former home in Terre Haute, on the sunny banks of the Wabash River, to run a second-hand store, for which he was better adapted.

In those days there was grit in Jackville; for even the prosecutor, in the court of inquiry, was made to cry out, "Murder, murder!" as he took to the woods, while an elm club was being twirled about his head like an Irish shillalah.

After a few days of quiet and rest, the Professor went over to Mr. Bruno's to see Molly. He met Mr. Bruno in the yard, and they seated themselves on the piazza for a friendly talk. The war furnished a good topic of conversation, along with the freedom of the blacks and negro equality. The Professor had resigned his seat in the Legislature rather than vote upon the fourteenth and the fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which brought about these things. Mr. Bruno was a Democrat, and he was in accord with the Professor's ideas. Presently Molly came along and stopped for a moment. Mr. Bruno gave place to her, and retired, leaving the two lovers there alone. On the piazza was a quaint old rustic seat, made of small saplings intertwined and forming a neat settee. Here Molly sat down beside the Pro-

fessor, and they engaged in happy conversation about the topics of the day. The Professor spoke in tones rather mild and sympathetic, so as to be in harmony with Molly's despondent feelings. Presently she mentioned to him the death of Mr. Oliver, and asked him if he had heard of it. The Professor replied that he had heard of it, expressing his deep sympathy for her. He explained in his philosophic way how God, in his infinite wisdom, calls for the souls of men in many and various ways, but that we have hope of a reunion with our friends in another world. This was a great consolation to her, as she hoped to meet her lover again on those enchanting shores.

As time rolled on, Molly became more attached to the Professor; and he pressed his suit the more, telling her how well he loved her, and that he could never be happy without her. He asked her for her heart and hand in marriage. Believing that Blue Blossom was dead, she consented to marry the Professor. This was May Day for him; he would almost have given his life for her. Life with him then was one sweet song. He insisted on a speedy marriage, but Molly did not want to marry so soon after the death of Mr. Oliver; so the wedding day was deferred until some time in the future.

Blue Blossom was at Richmond, Va.; and by his meritorious conduct he had become a captain. Thinking that he would soon be at home, he did not write

any more letters to any one. This was good for the Professor, who was taking Molly regularly in his buggy to Wolf Creek to church and making preparations for their marriage.

Ada Morgan went over to see Molly, who revealed to Ada the secret of her engagement to the Professor; but Ada requested Molly not to be in a hurry about getting married. She said that Blue Blossom might not be dead; that they had not seen his death reported in the casualties in the leading paper, the Veedersburg News.

"O, yes; he is dead!" exclaimed Molly. "I saw a letter from Mr. Horn to Julius Harlow, which told how Blue Blossom's death occurred."

Mr. Bruno was well pleased with his daughter's betrothal to Professor Cunningham, and he began making preparations to give his daughter a fine infare.

By this time General Lee had cut his way through the Union lines, and escaped to Appomattox Courthouse, where General Grant surrounded and captured him. Blue Blossom was in the chase, and he did valuable service. After the capture of General Lee, Blue Blossom was transferred to Washington City, where he remained for some time, holding his men in readiness about the city.

The news of Lee's surrender brought happiness to many a Northern home; the wives and sweethearts who had given the parting kiss to their loved ones were expecting to be reunited soon. Each day and hour some

one was coming home, and a constant watch was kept by anxious ones on the many byways and highways which once led the way to happy homes.

The President of the United States, by the grace of God, had issued a proclamation of public thanksgiving, on November 25, for the deliverance of the nation. The Professor had persuaded Molly that that would be a good day for their marriage; so ten o'clock on Thanksgiving Day was set as the hour for the marriage. Every preparation was made for the grand occasion. The Professor sent invitations to some of his friends in the Legislature to be present at the wedding; Rev. William Allen, of Wolf Creek Church, was also invited to be present.

Molly was seen no more in the mill, and it became a lonely place, indeed; for her lovely presence added sunshine to every place into which she entered.

The government had set a day in which to review the soldiers before being mustered out, and the solid columns of soldiers passed in front of the United States Capitol in grand array. Blue Blossom rode a horse, and his fine physique was delightful to look upon. All this was unknown to Molly, who went about getting ready to be married to the Professor.

After the review of the valiant "boys in blue," a great many were discharged, among them being the gallant Blue Blossom, who boarded a train for home. Arriving at Indianapolis, he was detained for several days. Here

he made the acquaintance of Governor Morton, who talked to him a great deal about the troubles in Jackville and vicinity. He spoke of Professor Cunningham as a great champion of the people, and said that it was reported that he was soon to be married to the belle of Jackville, and that he had invited some of the members of the General Assembly to be present. This aroused the fears of Blue Blossom, who realized that something had gone wrong. He boarded a train for home, and it could not go fast enough for him. He almost gasped for breath, as though he were walking for dear life. He thought that if he had the wings of a dove he would fly to his home in an instant. On sped the train, and ever and anon Blue Blossom looked out of the window to see some familiar object. Finally he reached Veedersburg. As he alighted upon the platform, he was recognized by the citizens. They shook hands with him, detaining him; and he thought that he would never get away. His father was there, and he greeted his son with a father's joy. They then got into the wagon and started for home. The black charger was hitched to the wagon. Blue Blossom spoke to him; and, recognizing his master's voice, he pricked up his ears and started off at a lively gait. They soon arrived at their home, and the youthful hero of "Hell's Half Acre" was again monarch of the wood.

The report of a soldier's coming in so suddenly caused Ada Morgan to think that it might be Blue Blossom;

and, remembering her pledge to him, and as there were no telephones in use in those days except the "shoe-string" lines, she borrowed a horse from her father and went down to see who the soldier was.

Blue Blossom was standing in the front yard, looking wistfully toward Jackville. He saw Ada coming, and recognized her. He ran to meet her. Throwing his arms around her and kissing her, he said: "God bless you, Ada! How is Molly?"

"O, she is well," said Ada; "and she is going to be married to-morrow."

"O, heavens!" exclaimed Blue Blossom. "Can it be possible?"

"Yes," replied Molly. "She saw a letter stating that you were dead; and when her sorrow for you wore away, she consented to marry Professor Cunningham."

"Why, Ada, that would break my heart!" exclaimed Blue Blossom.

"I am certain that she would yet marry you," said Ada, "if she knew you were alive; for she has often told me so."

"God bless you, Ada!" again exclaimed Blue Blossom. "Never was woman so true. I will yet have her. Will you go to see her for me? Whatever may be my fate, I will have her. Ada, tell her that I still have the memento that she placed upon my breast at our parting," he continued, at the same time pointing to the golden heart that adorned his breast; "and if she

will marry me, tell her to be ready at nine o'clock to-morrow in the front yard, and I will rescue her. If she is willing to marry me, have her to place a light in the front window of her room, as a token of her fidelity to me, that I may see it. I shall pass that way in the gloom of night to see if she yet loves me and to look over the route that I shall take to-morrow."

Ada took the message, as she was directed. Molly, supposing that Ada was coming to assist her with her wardrobe, greeted her with kindness. In a few moments, however, Ada revealed to Molly the secret of Blue Blossom's being at home, saying that he was still desirous of marrying her.

"O, heavens!" exclaimed Molly. "Ada, is it true? Is it true?"

"Yes, Molly," replied Ada; "he came home yesterday, and I saw him to-day."

"I'll be true to him, if I live," said Molly. "Some villain has been deceiving me; and but for you, that deception would have killed me."

Molly then kissed Ada, falling on her knees before her and asking the Lord to be merciful to her.

Ada lifted Molly from her kneeling position and consoled her, telling her not to fret about the wedding of to-morrow; that, if she so desired, Mr. Oliver would come to claim her.

"Tell him to come," said Molly; "by all means tell him to come!"

"Dear girl, you have something to do to let him know that you are willing," said Ada.

"O, what is it, Ada?" asked Molly.

"He requested me to tell you to place a light in your front window, that he may know that you are still willing to marry him. He said that he would be along to-night, and would know if the light was in the window that you are still willing."

"I'll do so if I live. I'll hold the light in my hand, that he may see my face and know that it is I."

Ada went home, and Molly repaired to her room to think over the situation. "The Professor will be here at ten o'clock in the morning," she said. "What if Mr. Oliver should fail to come? What will I do? He cannot fail. He is true, he is true! I'll watch at the window to see if he passes to-night; and if he passes, I'll know that he will come to claim me."

Night had come, and the signal light had been set in its place. Molly's attention was wholly directed toward the road on which Blue Blossom would be most likely to pass. She could not sleep; so she stood by the casement, watching and waiting for him to come. As the clock neared the hour of eleven, she heard the sound of horse's feet in the distance; and she said to herself: "He is coming, he is coming!" She knew the short lope of the charger; so she put her face close to the window to get a glimpse of Blue Blossom as he passed. Soon a bold, plump form came in sight, and

she recognized him. He saw her beautiful face, and the sweet damask roses were still adorning her cheeks. He waved his hand at her, and she answered him in like manner. She thought that she would cry aloud to him and ask him to take her with him, but she knew that would arouse her parents. She had a mind to leap from the window and go with him, but she knew that would be hazardous. So, with an aching heart and a restless soul, she saw him pass slowly out of sight. He kept looking back at her until his view of her was lost in the darkness.

"I'll trust him," said Molly. "He has never yet deceived me, and he knows best. I must be resigned to my fate."

Seeing that the way was clear, Blue Blossom rode over to consult Ada Morgan and get her to send her father down to Rev. William Allen's and detain him at home until Blue Blossom could reach there; for Rev. Allen had been invited to Professor Cunningham's wedding the next day. Mr. Morgan agreed to intercept Rev. Allen and hold him at home in readiness for the arrival of Blue Blossom and Molly Bruno.

Molly could not reveal the peculiar circumstances to any one; especially was it necessary that the Professor be kept "in the dark," for any intimation of her plan to him would be sure to interfere with her getting away from home. Her folks went on preparing for the infare; but Molly took no interest in it, thinking that she would

not be a participant in it unless the dreaded inevitable came. However, she had hopes of circumventing the affair in such a manner as to bring about her own happiness. Her mother tried to cheer her; but she was very indifferent, being in a brown study.

Professor Cunningham was busy preparing for the wedding. He invited all of his old friends—Mr. Harlow (the Judas of the affair), Elsie McClain, and a host of others.

When the eventful morning came, Molly arose early and began dressing, as her friends thought, for the proposed wedding. Her mother requested her not to dress so soon, as it would be so long till the nuptial hour; but Molly turned a deaf ear to all the many formalities suggested to her and pursued the even tenor of her way. She was preparing for the coming of one whom she loved better than she loved herself, and for whom she was willing to risk her life. None suspected her, and no barriers seemed to be in her way.

Blue Blossom gathered his old friends together and placed them along the route that he intended to go, so that if he was too closely pursued, they could throw the pursuers off his track.

The guests were soon coming in; and Ada Morgan, on whom Molly relied implicitly, was on the alert to note the coming of Blue Blossom. Ada sat out on the piazza; as soon as Blue Blossom came in sight, she was to notify Molly.

Mr. Morgan went down to Rev. Allen's, and found him about ready to start for Mr. Bruno's. Mr. Morgan requested Rev. Allen to wait a short time, as two lovers were coming to have their bond of love made more secure.

"Who are they?" asked Rev. Allen.

"I cannot tell you now," replied Mr. Morgan.

"Do I know them?" inquired Rev. Allen.

"Yes," said Mr. Morgan. "Be content, and do not worry, and I'll get you to Mr. Bruno's in time."

Their conversation turned upon social matters as they whiled the time away.

Rev. Allen, not knowing that Blue Blossom was in the country, said that he congratulated Molly upon captivating such a man as Hon. D. W. Cunningham, who had so distinguished himself in the affairs of the State.

The Professor, looking his best, went to Mr. Bruno's earlier than was expected. The thought that Molly would soon be his better half gave additional grace to his beautiful, symmetrical form. With fear in her heart, Molly treated him respectfully. She took him into the parlor to entertain the guests. Visions of deception filled her clouded mind; for she, with her beautiful charms, had been made the victim of tricks and schemes, and she could not forget the perpetrators. Now, too, she was surrounded by them, and was almost afraid to move, lest they should anticipate her plans and thwart them.

Blue Blossom arose early and groomed his black charger. He patted the noble animal, saying to him, as though the horse could understand him: "This day, dear boy, you must carry me to victory, or I die of grief. You have never failed me; so do not fail me now." In response the gentle animal fondled him with his chin. Blue Blossom fitted his saddle perfectly to the horse, placed behind it the velvet pillion upon which Molly had sat many a time before, buckled on the cutlass which had served him in the war, and put upon his breast the breastplate of love. Then he leaped into the saddle, ready to meet his antagonist in any way. He drew the reins, and the charger flew toward Mr. Bruno's. Time and distance were as nothing to Blue Blossom.

Molly had become restless and nervous, but Ada gave her courage and hope. She still sat on the piazza, watching and waiting for Blue Blossom.

Noticing that Molly was very nervous, but ignorant as to the cause, the Professor said to her: "Molly, you are not brave."

Molly answered only with a smile, such as a disheartened child would give. Hope was all that kept her alive. She trusted in the coming of Blue Blossom as she trusted in God. Her hat lay in the settee in the piazza, she was already dressed, and the time of her marriage was but an hour in the future. "Will he come? Will he come?" ran through her mind, causing her heart to flutter and almost cease to beat.

But—hark!—the sound of a horse loping broke in from the distance; and soon a small, dark object appeared in the distant thoroughfare. Ada Morgan watched it. It kept coming nearer and nearer. Ada watched with the eye of a pilot to discern the gallant rider. Molly could not leave the company for fear of detection.

Ada saw that the rider was Blue Blossom, and cried: "O, Molly, come here, quick!"

Molly then knew that Blue Blossom was in sight; so she ran out. Ada handed Molly's hat to her, and she ran to meet Blue Blossom. He rode a little beyond the gateway and wheeled his horse to the right; and as he neared the gate, Molly was ready. As he passed, he reached out his hand and clasped Molly's arm. The horse leaned toward her, and he swung her to her seat upon the pillion behind him. Then the black charger sped down the road like a flash of lightning. Her skirts fluttered in the wind as the wings of a bird.

The Professor ran out, crying: "Molly, Molly! What will I do? What will I do?"

He then leaped into his buggy and pursued them. His buggy swayed and jumped upon the corduroy road, putting his life in great danger. But Fleetfoot was no match for the black charger, who soon left the Professor far behind.

Molly's mother wrung her hands and cried after them: "Come back, come back, and I'll forgive you! O, the danger that lies ahead of them!"

She feared that the horse would fall at the turn of the road, and that her daughter would be killed; but Blue Blossom had made that turn many times before, and he rounded the curve like a bird balancing in the dome of the heavens. He sped on and on, Molly holding tight to her lover. She felt that she was safe anywhere with him. As he passed along, his comrades shouted for joy, hoping that he would succeed.

The Professor followed them until he saw them go in at Rev. Allen's. Then, with a broken heart, he turned back in remorseful spirits.

"Good morning, children!" exclaimed Rev. Allen. "I was looking for you."

"Be quick, be quick, Mr. Allen! We're pursued, we're pursued," said Blue Blossom.

Whereupon the minister put aside the formality of his ritual; and, joining their hands, in the twinkling of an eye he pronounced them husband and wife.

This event resulted, of course, in the nullifying of the infare at Mr. Bruno's, where Rev. Allen was to play so conspicuous a part.

Molly's heart was at ease as she leaned upon the arm of the hero, whom she idolized. Thenceforth she would share his joys and his sorrows.

Rev. Allen invited the "children," as he called them, to stay for dinner; and they accepted the invitation. They fared sumptuously at his table on bear bacon, venison, cakes, jellies, and marmalades.

Many a happy day has passed since this memorable event; and in obedience to the ancient command of God to "be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth," the wily Dutchman and Molly now have four children.

Dear reader, upon the ruins of the quaint old town of Jackville now stands the beautiful town of Wallace. It is named "Wallace" for the illustrious Governor of the State of Indiana and the father of the author of "Ben-Hur." Wallace is a beautiful, modern town; and it is proud to boast of the fact that it has no saloons. It has a bank, a commissioned high school, churches, and bountiful stores of merchandise. Its citizens are second to none; among them are beautiful, accomplished ladies and honorable, upright men.

FOOTBALL AT WABASH.

Hurrah, hurrah! Pick up the ball!
Give it a grip, and off they go.
There's jollity and fun for all.
O, how they run and wrestle so!

There—hurrah!—Bill, just skip across;
You have an inning now at hand.
Bob, hedge in, you noble boss.
O, how they tussle, battling stand!

Now down Bill falls upon the ground;
His breast is resting on the ball.
Like ravens round a carcass found,
They all join in a free for all.

Caps are flying and clothes are rent;
Some are bruised, but not a cry.
Never a word, but all intent.
O, see their heels turned to the sky!

Sack on sack they piled them down
Upon that bold old hero's frame.
Never a murmur or a sigh;
He has the grit, and he is game.

Bob has the ball. Hurrah, hurrah!
Go, send her home! Be quick, be fast!
His only hope is but a draw.
His breath is short; he cannot last.

Skip in there, Jack, and make that run.
The game hangs there. Be quick, be quick!
Now, topsy-turvy, down they come,
Each determined upon some trick.

"No down, no down!" is echoed there.
But Jack crawled out, a smothered soul,
And ran, as in a gauntlet rare,
And placed the ball against the goal.

Hurrah, hurrah! The game is won.
The hero smiles, with sparkling eye;
His praises now are nobly sung
In each and every comrade's cry.

CHILDHOOD AT SCHOOL.

Sweet are the days of the youth
When school is a pleasant retreat;
There—happily, pleasant, uncouth—
Fair faces the master did greet.

The teacher is head of the fold.
A cheerful old fellow is he,

Imprinting those treasures of gold
Which sparkle like sunbeams at sea.

But the day of our parting has come.
There are pangs piercing deep in our hearts,
Which will cause sweet reflections to come,
Though many miles distant apart.

In our minds we will picture the scene
Of our school, with fair faces aglow.
An image to-day it does seem.
What a pleasure the vision to know!

Like a covey of birds we have been,
And have nestled together with glee,
Gath'ring stores from sweet Nature and men.
O, so happy, so happy were we!

Could I dream but to-night of the place,
And just meet those fair faces at school;
But the years are now gone of life's race,
And we go where the Father must rule.

January 25, 1880.

THE FLOCK I TENDED.

Where wander now the flock I tended
In those years of long ago?
Where are those days so swiftly ended?
Alas! I do not know.

They are gone, and all are scattered
O'er a nation far and wide.
Through the storms of life they battled.
Lord, I would with them abide.

Sweet and fair were all the number.
Some now teach in sacred halls.
They let the world of passion slumber,
And strive to meet the Savior's call.

All is changed where once we tarried.
Some have wandered 'neath distant skies;
Some beneath the turf lie buried;
None now greet the master's eyes.

Hearts still yearn to meet those loved ones
That we see on earth no more.
To the weary some faint hope comes;
God has placed a light ashore.

"BEN-HUR."

(Written for the State Sentinel after seeing the play "Ben-Hur" at the English Opera House.)

I saw the great scene
As it passed on the stage—
Simonides of old,
Who was hoary with age;

The helmet and sword
Of the hero so fair;
And the fairest of maidens,
With gem-studded hair.
So will I repeat:
I must see it again,
This wonderful feat
So like unto man.

A SYMBOL OF A CITY.

There hangs upon the trees to-day
A glittering robe of snow,
A citadel like one above
The saints immortal know.

A light gleams ever as of life,
So distant it seems to me
An image city of the dead,
Clothed in Nature's mystery.

There sparkling gems like astrals shine,
And banish all my cares;
A glorious vision that I love
Comes over me unawares.

So distant are these brilliant scenes
That spirits in transit share—
Sweet image isle beyond the sky;
The flowers of earth are there.

In mind we see the hosts of God
That seem so near akin!
Soul-like around a throne of grace,
Shadows of immortal men.

Am I dreaming or assuming
Wondrous things that are to be?
Throne of heaven, sheen of glory;
God is seen in purity.

Symbol of an ancient city
Seen from Patmos, in the sea;
Vision of a glorious twilight.
God is life, eternity.

December 8, 1902.

THE WAVELAND SCRIBE.

When you hear a writer fussing,
You may guess his purse is short.
I perceive his nerves are playing
Nettling strains about his heart.

But—alas!—he's not relented;
Let him pipe and let him kick.
Sad that he, so much demented,
Never learned a better trick.

He is not akin to Midas,
Who with fortune has grown old;

He can only watch and chide us.
A sweet fountain we behold.

He must keep near by his humble
Piebald printing, printing press,
There to cut and slash and grumble
Till the Master gives him rest.

Then he must give place to silence,
Tart though be his little tongue.
He may there sip at the chalice,
While a fun'ral dirge is sung.

He will then live with the Master,
As a spirit brother should.
There will never come disaster
When the heart is pure and good.

THE HOPE WE CHERISHED.

(Written on the appointment of A. B. Anderson to the Supreme Judgeship.)

As a spark in the gloom,
Time has brought to the light
Many visions unknown,
That were hidden from sight.

In effect is a cause
That relations must share.
In adjudging of laws
Must be wisdom and care.

In the breast of a man
  Lies the balance of fate.
From a robe that is clean
  Let the judgment be great.

For as One on the throne
  That has conscience so pure
Comes a man from our home,
  May our hopes be secure.

LET A LITTLE SUNSHINE IN.

(Written while it was raining.)

When the sky is dark and gloomy
  And the portents seem as foul,
Get a smiling look upon you;
  You must never fret and scowl.
Soon the sky will turn to purple
  And a brighter shade begin.
Let the heart be light and cheery;
  Let a little sunshine in.

Though there seems to be a mountain
  That you soon must try to climb,
Never fret about the effort;
  Never let the heart repine.
Look aloft! Behold the heavens—
  How a little cloud begins!

So is brought about your sorrow.
Let a little sunshine in.

When the air waves seem a-weaving
Things we do not understand,
There can be no use in fretting
Where kind Nature wheels the van.
Let the heart be pure and cheerful.
Do not mar the soul within.
Meet the storm, and meet it bravely;
Let a little sunshine in.

Though you think about the billows
That are rolling o'er the sea,
They are but the work of Nature
For a child like you and me.
Look we at the polar heavens,
At the polestar bright and trim;
Sail we safely o'er the shallows.
Let a little sunshine in.

Charming are the scenes of Nature
That must please a weary soul;
Mystic are the dreams of glory;
Wondrous is the sheenlike scroll.
How a Spirit reigns above us,
How such impulse rules within,
Know we not; but He will guide us.
Let the glorious sunshine in.

December 20, 1902.

THE STOLEN BOOK.

Let the naughty crook that stole your book
Come forward and ante up;
Let the sneaking thief come give relief
And drink of the better cup.

Returning things that memory stings
In shades of mystic light,
Let him come, confess, and give redress,
And make the matter right.

January 5, 1903.

TO A FRIEND, IRA D. GOSS, A SENIOR IN WABASH COLLEGE.

My dear friend, Goss, I love thee well.
Let your sweet voice with anthems swell
To Him above;
Start out bravely on the way;
Sing his praises night and day
In filial love.

I AM WALKING IN HIS GLORY.

I am walking in the glory
Of my God, who reigns above.
In his life I read the story:
He's the fountain of my love.

Could I be like him in meekness!
Could I live as pure as he!
All his loving deeds remind us
How he died for you and me.

Let me follow in his shadow,
Where the clouds are rift for me;
Sweet the echoes that I follow
From the Christ of Galilee.

From the mystic realm of heaven
Shines a bright and glorious star.
Let my soul, like wing of raven,
Soar to heavenly gates ajar.

December 24, 1902.

THE ROUND TABLE.

What is the round table? A string of knots,
Like decaying rubbish, that lies and rots.
Where is the life the creature should bear?
'Tis found in the waste 'most anywhere.
No murmur is heard like a bubbling spring,
No rippling waters and birds to sing,
But as cold as Greenland's icy shoals,
Where the fox and sable dig their holes;
No warmth within like a summer clime;
The thought effete; no pleasing rhyme.

Their poets are dead, their muse is cold;
The dross overlaps the shining gold.
The sentiment weak, hidden in smoke;
They try a pun, but only poke.
O, give us a stream that flows to the sea!
Just give us a "jolly," and laugh will we;
We'll pour out the soul as it ought to pour;
Sentiment and meter—'twill open the door.
Quick the emotion will ever start
From a thinking soul, from a bubbling heart.
It pleases the mind, the inward man;
While worlds go flying around the sun.
So let them whirl and let them fly;
O, save me, Lord, from poems dry!

GOOD NIGHT.

The pretty moss bed lying here
Holds a mystery to me dear.
'Tis ever growing, growing green;
Sweet realms above in it are seen.
Good night, good night!

Each pretty flower lives and dies,
Like living mortals close their eyes.
They do not die; they only sleep.
The angels round them vigils keep.
Good night, good night!

Their fragrance scarcely dies away,
When it is spring and it is day.
The God of hosts is always near;
He comes and calls them ev'rywhere.
Good night, good night!

The birds that sing in notes of love
Cheer up the heart and blessings prove;
Murmuring leaves that twirl and sigh
Give voice to souls that reign on high.
Good night, good night!

The stars that gem the vaulted sky
Are meteor lights unto the eye.
They are the worlds that shine above;
Their unison must teach us love.
Good night, good night!

The twilight of the dying day,
Bright, iridescent, passes away—
An emblem of the oversoul,
A gleaming of the future goal.
Good night, good night!

The sighing wind of glade or glen
Is but a voice to dying men,
And in the mountain's crested dome
I see a gleam that speaks of home.
Good night, good night!

The radiance of the morning sun
Melts the stars, and they are one.
So shine the souls that pass away;
They join the Son in endless day.
Good night, good night!

So let me rest, in peace abide,
In scenes like those at eventide.
Immortal man must rest in bliss
Where eerie souls seek happiness.
Good night, good night!

January 12, 1903.

ACROSTIC.

Gracefully the river runs;
Elysian it glides along,
Radiant with sparkling gems.
The tide is beautiful and strong;
Royal are the shining shells
Under the brilliant, glowing sun.
Down in balmy river dells
Enchanting, sweet dreams will come.

THE LONG-HAIRED HORSEWEED OF THE WABASH.

From hills of Jackville sprang this weed,
Which soon had run to sooty seed.

He started then to teaching school,
And sat as chief on a dunce's stool;
And, starting then for old Wabash,
He soon devoured quite all their hash.
He only stayed a fortnight's sit;
He then corrected holy writ.
The version of St. James, with grace,
This "smart Aleck" could sow to waste.
O, how this horseweed learned so well!
He found in mind the fumes of hell.*
He failed in learning's mystic views,
Then drifted to another ruse.
As agent then he sought galore,
And stalked about from door to door.
Good housewives met him with a grin,
But held with ease their shining tin;
And failing here, he thought to draw
A bounteous harvest from the law;
And, starting in with great intent,
His force of mind quite soon was spent.
While holding court at quaint Jackville,
He ran a race of speed and skill.
The man he thought to sorely loot
Just whipped around and mashed his snout.
So frightened was this faithless warder
He ran and bellowed: "Murder, murder!"

* Hell—supposed to be by this character the annoyance of one's mind while on earth.

This was a freak of Nature's hand,
A little trick of magic wand.
It was the hell he conjured of,
While changing of the sacred law.
Then, seeking the flowing river's side,
He cast commission on the tide.
There came an aching within his breast—
God-given warning to stop, redress,
And see his failures, mountain high,
That shrouded and blurred a sparkling eye.
Then, casting off the syllogism,
He took upon him journalism.
He started vainly in with pride
To scatter wisdom and deride.
From sheet of truth large octavo,
Crestfallen, it now is folio.
This almanac of aches and ills
Is like a dose of blue-mass pills.
The motley sheet is sick to die;
It scarcely now can wink one eye,
So measly does it mope about.
The long-haired horseweed has run out;
And with it, too, will die its lord,
With pumpkin head as green as gourd.
Good people now should ponder well
On man who thinks on earth is hell;
Steer clear of those who chide and fuss,
Whose heads are filled with naught but pus.

BEAUTIFUL LADOGA.

O, Ladoga; O, Ladoga,
What a lovely town are you!
You are just a gem of beauty,
Glowing sweet with honeydew.

O, Ladoga; O, Ladoga,
Let your light still shine afar!
O, such neatness as you render
Guides the soul across the bar!

Let your splendor move the shadow
That would be a gloaming shade;
Move yourself in peaceful ardor;
Let your annals there be made.

You are second, too, in glory,
In a county's noble strife.
Be achieving, still pursuing,
For a greater, nobler life.

Still go on and build, dear city;
Let your castles reach the sky.
That is what the Master bids you;
Let Ladoga live on high.

In that aërial, unknown city
Many mansions make the whole;
It is but a sea of shadows,
Like unto the oversoul.

January 28, 1903.

THE FOUR POETS.

One has crossed the pearly sea.
He left a keepsake I hold in fee;
He gave to me some pleasing lore;
I love to scan it o'er and o'er.

One has written of religion cold—
Little Gabe in a lambkin fold;
He chewed tobacco, flecked his chin—
A queer disciple for Christ has been.

Another was born to make you laugh;
He gave the theme "Old Wabbly Calf."
"The raggedy man" just led it out;
The children would laugh and gayly shout.

The last of all we would let pass,
But he has written "Old Sas'fras;"
He made the rhythm so sweet and fine,
With sentiment tart in every line.

This Jim and Jim and Jamie Jim—
They write about 'most any whim;
And in their misty dreams of flight
They give a color that is bedight.

They picture gems of brilliant glow;
They please the heart and solace woe;
They give the true, the good, sublime,
Drinking from the heavenly shrine.

TWO LITTLE PETS.

Two little pets ma gave to me
That hatched out at the barn.
What lovely things they are to see!
They scratch dear mamma's lawn.

They lie around where it is warm,
And bask out in the sun.
O, who could think to do them harm
Or stop their noisy fun?

I love to smooth their downy dress
And press them to my chin.
Kind Nature's children I'll caress,
And warm their hearts within.

They cuddle in a little nook,
And sit on bended knees.
So innocent they crouch and look,
While whispering: "Freeze, freeze!"

O, who could take their joyful life,
Which they so dearly love?
O, who could draw the gleaming knife,
From them sweet life remove?

Endeared to me, I will not take
That which I cannot give.
I love to hear them peep and prate.
Go, fondlings! You shall live.

Come, seek the waste and scattered dregs
That lie about my door.
I only ask some golden eggs;
I'd like about a score.

February 8, 1903.

ODE TO AMERICA.

O, glorious America, of thee we sing!
Precious gem of the earth, rich blessings bring.
With thy hills and vales, so blessed are we,
In the land of the brave, the home of the free.

Thy golden hills, with their flowing springs,
Are clothed in dress that would rival kings.
The wild flower's breath is a balm to me
In the land of the brave, the home of the free.

Thy beautiful waters of purling streams,
In the glow of morning with radiance gleam,
Are wealth and health and happiness to me
In the land of the brave, the home of the free.

O, glorious nation, guardian keep
O'er sister republics, nor let them sleep!
Keep back the invasion for gold from me
In the land of the brave, the home of the free!

Never through pretext, though great or small,
Let one little infant totter and fall;

But hold up her banner, kindred to thee,
In the land of the brave, the home of the free!

Let not the mad foe, with boisterous roar,
Bay the innocent lamb on America's shore;
Nor seek to oppress in a West country
In the land of the brave, the home of the free!

Born in a land in whose beautiful clime
Grows sweet the essence of corn and wine,
Where the flag that we love is floating free
In the land of the brave, the home of the free!

Come, beckon to us! We will hear thy woe.
Thy star in her orbit ever will glow,
And shine yet aloft, as a beacon at sea,
In the land of the brave, the home of the free.

Wave, gentle flag! Float aloft on the breeze!
You're the emblem of peace, of joy, and ease.
O, beautiful flag, we rally to thee
In the land of the brave, the home of the free!

Float o'er the billows to beautiful isles!
Sweet gem of the Antilles, our infant child,
Has a banner she loves, noble and free,
In the land of the brave, the home of the free.

February 13, 1903.

AUTOGRAPHS.

Mary, my darling,
  Beautiful and neat,
Radiant and joyful,
  You are so sweet.

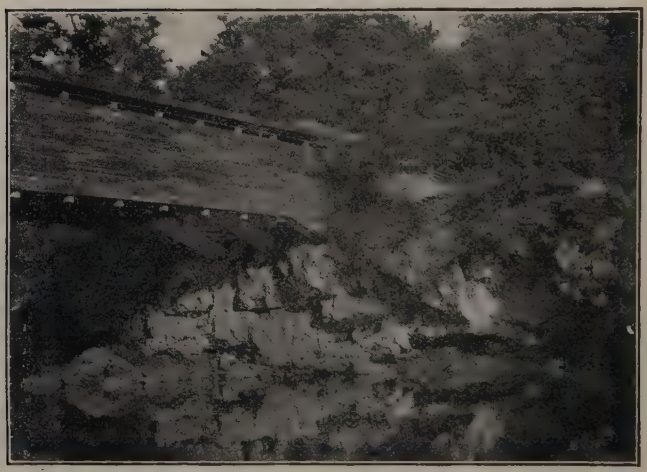
Now is the time for action,
  In the rosy light of morn,
Before the flying moments
  Expose a piercing thorn.

A DISMAL SHADOW.

(This poem was suggested by the appearance of a shadow, at a certain time every day, on the deep-blue water of Sugar Creek at the point where the Yountsville Bridge spans the creek. Here a ledge overhangs the stream, and beneath is a cave, which echoes dreamy, murmuring sounds. The shadow resembles that of a skeleton, and it is supposed that at this place an Indian warrior murdered a white man, who fell into the river.)

On the bright and flowing water,
  When the shades of night are low
And the wind has ceased to murmur
  And the waters gently flow,
Comes the shadow on the river
  Of a distant, wand'ring soul—
Comes a being that would ever
  Make my blood run still and cold.

Perhaps portent of the murder
Of a lone and wand'ring child;
Perhaps image of a brother,
As he wandered o'er the wild



A DISMAL SHADOW.

Of the lone and dreary woodland,
Not a friend or kindred near.
He has wandered into dreamland,
Left this dismal shadow here.

Here some ghoul has drunk his spirit,
And he sunk beneath the wave.

Limp and lifeless, sunk he in it;
Hence this shadow of the grave.
How my heart beats sad and lonely,
As I view the specter o'er!
Thoughts of one in spirit only—
Would it wander to my door?

Darker shades are coming round me;
Fear comes o'er me, and I sigh:
"Dismal visage, do not haunt me;
Make your home with souls on high!"
In the gloom of night and darkness
Roam the spirits that I fear.
As a phantom, too, in likeness
Come the goblins tripping near.

Child of sunshine and reflection,
Cast upon the river's surf,
How you bring a retrospection
On a mortal of the earth!
You are picture that I fancy—
Of an object that has been;
You are child of necromancy
That is only faintly seen.

Awful creature, go and leave me;
Seek the fiend in distant wood;
Haunt the wild man that has harmed thee,
And whose arrow drank thy blood;

Cast your presence by reflection
As you are before his view;
Bring to him a recollection
When he took the life of you.

February 20, 1903.

DARLING MAUDY.

Darling Maudy, sweet young flower,
Came and loitered at my feet.
All day long in sunny bower
The little cherub grew more sweet.

Her bright, brown eyes shone as the stars
That glorify the heavens above;
Her childish songs were gentle airs
In strains of joy and hope and love.

Sweet gem of earth, without alloy,
A life that filled my heart with mirth—
A father's hope, a mother's joy,
A perfect angel of the earth!

Life was dawning in bright array,
When gloom and darkness sorrow bore.
A life that seemed as bright as day,
God called above for evermore.

Dear, loving child, how sad to part
And break the ties of family love!

It leaves a sadness in my heart
For one I dearly did approve.

'Tis Heaven's work that we would know.
God folds our hands in sweet repose.
A life once bright is burning low;
We vanish as a morning's rose.

But sweet that calm of heart at rest,
Where pain and sorrow ne'er can come.
The soul that's by the Father blessed
May rest in peace where rules the Son.

Dear, loving child, abide in peace;
On airy pinions wing thy way.
The power that gave thy soul relief
Is ever joy and endless day.

February 23, 1903.

THE TRUTH.

O, stick to the truth! It is noblest and best.
'Twill give you much pleasure and soothe you to rest;
'Tis more than a halo around the great sun.
"The truth" is my motto; let poesy run.
It gives to our virtue a nobler sheen;
It makes a great character with luster to gleam;
It is so consoling with Nature to blend
And meet the great martyrs of truth in the end.

A TEACHER'S DREAM.

(Sometimes in the course of human events it becomes very necessary to touch certain wise guardians of the peace and welfare of the great Commonwealth; and as we all know that Mount Parnassus—so beautiful and enchanting—is possessed of a timber belt where nearly all these people in common stay, Orpheus, from his pinnacle above, is looking on with an ever-wakeful eye to discern what the gods are doing; and from the present situation the muse has penned the following satirical lines from the coruscating sheen of the noble rulers of pedagogy in the twentieth century.)

Who are the teachers of modern days,
Knowing the hobby that supers.' praise—
A little of Latin, a little German,
A little of ev'rything for learnin',
A little of music, with pleasing rhythm,
A little nonsense jargon now given?

Who are the board of magical tools,
Showing their wisdom, killing our schools,
Running the teachers crazy, insane,
Stuffing and cramming their overtaxed brain?
Where is the teacher that peacefully sings:
"Jack of all trades, good at such things?"

Where are the sterilizers people confirm,
Heating the pencils, killing the germs,
Sowing of leaflets, working in vain,
Filling the garner of reason and brain?

Pile up your matches in bunches and heaps,
Stifle the children for good and keeps.

Give the poor teacher some rest in the grave;
Fill up a madhouse with demons to rave.
Show us a super. that hasn't a hobby,
Leading his dupes with visions of folly.
Sooner or later his wisdom will strand—
Lost to the people, like water in sand.

Where are the supers., passing with years?
The people are lost in a flood of their tears.
The teachers are sorry such angels go down.
Like birds on the wing, sweet echoes resound.
O, lost is thy wisdom, noble, wise one!
Thy wisdom and glory, like visions, are gone.

Things are so changing, with science and light
Hauling our children from morning till night,
Quarreling and fighting, acting the clown,
Dragging our darlings 'way off to the town,
Filling their noddles with beautiful dreams.
Such is the wisdom of supers.' great schemes.

February 25, 1902.

HAVE YOU SEEN SMALLPOX?

O, have you seen?
Yes; now I ween,
As I view those horrid places—
Those spots of red;
"Just boils," 'tis said,
"Sunlike, shining on their faces."

"Whose medicine box?"
Said Chicken Pox.
Noxious demons, fiery red,
With puslike cream—
These pustules mean
Quack physicians contagion spread.

Faces aglow
With pimples so,
Look like smallpox a little bit,
The docs.—alack!—
Are getting "cracks"
From a populace scared in fits.

They lost a job,
No swelling fob.
A rival they could not menace.
No shining tin
Was found within;
So wily was Dr. Dennis.

See the splotches,
Horrid blotches,
That make a brow so ghastly grin!
See the graces,
Scarred-up faces!
Charming fair ones should keep in.

Stupid old docs.,
Pull up your socks;
Indian quacks or medicine men,
Think of the woes
Pimples disclose;
Tinkers of pus, where have you been?

O, ladies, say!
Now you must pray
For saving your beautiful cheeks.
Like a sweet rose,
Cupid well knows
How to find them when hunting sweets.

Some cure all ills
With choc'late pills,
When people are dang'rously bad,
Blowing their horn
As sure's you're born.
Such wisdom no magician had.

Bring the cow charm,
Scratch on my arm,
Give me a welcome sedative;
Bring others in,
Puncture the skin;
But never astonish a native.

Who is the poet
Riding the goat?
Go to the Temple Ben-Hur;
There he is musing,
Peacefully snoozing,
Wrapped in his glory, good sir.

WHO HAS STOLEN NELLIE'S HEART?

Who, who has stolen Nellie's heart?
O, such an act of Cupid's dart!
Who sends letters every day
To his love when going away?

Doc. French.

Who rests his hand upon her head,
While her cheeks are flushing red?
Who gives her squills, and quinine, too,
Far better than her ma can do?

Doc. French.

Who always takes her buggy riding,
Takes his medicine just beside him?
Who has patients every day
Just in the house across the way?

Doc. French.

Who drives around to parson's gate
And leaves his horse to stand and wait
Until he comes to help her in,
All smiles without and smiles within?

Doc. French.

Whose lips meet hers with so much grace?
Who lays his arm around her waist?
Who stays until the clock strikes two,
And then feels sad to bid adieu?

Doc. French.

Who used to love one Elva B.
Far better than a flea loves me?
Who asked her once to be his wife,
Assisting him in cares through life?

Doc. French.

January 13, 1877—written at school.

WHEN TO PLANT CORN.

Go, plow the fields and drag them down;
Make them level and nice to see;
Harrow the beautiful, moist ground;
Make it a lovely spot for me;

Shell the best corn of even size.
Listen! You'll hear the planter's tune.
A hint's sufficient to the wise:
Plant your corn when the dogwood blooms.

Make the seed bed mellow and smooth;
Fill the holes as a workman should;
Then you're ready for the planter's groove.
When all is done so nice and good,
Listen! You'll hear the planter "click!"
Take no note of signs or moons;
Mind your business; don't seed too thick.
Plant your corn when the dogwood blooms.

When Nature starts her tender shoots
And wakes her buds in waxen form,
The birds all play their airy flutes,
And watch for bugs when it is warm.
Go, sing your songs, ye bards of earth;
Make them sweet as the ancient runes;
Sing them joyous with pleasing mirth.
Plant your corn when the dogwood blooms.

April 24, 1902.

AUTOGRAPHS.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, if taken at its height,
Leads on to prosperity.

The flowers of earth are those
Who, by their moral precepts,
Are chosen as the gleaming
Stars of heaven.

As the rainbow is the great bridge of the heavens, so good literature is the span that ties and binds the earth as one harmonious whole.

Some crave a genealogy of a long ancestral train of grandeur, but far better it would be to know thyself a noble being rather than such an ancestral tree of withered fruit.

Nations take on grandeur as they observe the laws of nature and conform to the moral rules which naturally force themselves upon mankind.

O, the pretty, lovely flowers!
How their breath allays the soul!
How they shine, like stars of heaven—
Emblems of that precious goal!

Good reading and deep thinking are our cradle of liberty.

Perchance your lot is humble;
Perchance you never grumble,
Destined to live and bear
As one laden with care.

On this mundane sphere we live with pride.
O, charming scenes at eventide!
We love these beauties of the sun.
Our lives in happiness soon are run.
Perhaps transformed, our soul in bliss
Will reach a greater happiness.

Like the swelling of the ocean,
My yearning heart inclines,
Or the soul-like leaf commotion
Of distant soughing pines.

The one I most sincerely love
Is fairer than the cooing dove.
Her cheeks are sweeter than a rose,
Brown eyes sparkling where'er she goes.

WHAT IS MIND?

Look and see! Ah, can you tell me—
Tell the bard of Alamo—
How the mind with rapture moves me,
Like the seething waters flow?
Who can tell the mind is matter,
Or the soul is naught but air?
Who but speculate to scatter
Visions on a desert there?

None but God, the wise Creator,
Knows what mind can ever be
He is Father and Director;
He's the power that's moving me.

KING PHARAOH AND THE LOCUSTS

King Pharaoh ruled on Egypt's throne.
The Hebrews with their burdens groaned;
They were denied their share of straw.
His hardened heart would never thaw.
The burning bush made Moses know
That he was sent to teach Pharaoh;
A rod was cast in snake to crawl,
Magicians' wands were swallowed all.

Still, God hardened Pharaoh's heart;
With the Israelites he wouldn't part.
He tightened still their toiling bands;
Their lives were burdened by his hands
But God had sworn to Abraham
To give his seed a better land;
He sent the locusts then to tease
The haughty Pharaoh at his ease.

There came a mighty eastern wind
To make the noxious king rescind,
And loosen of their bonds and chains,
And start to marching Moses' trains;

On came the pests in divers swarms,
And gave the people great alarms.
This added to His Lordship's woe.
The locusts sung: "Pharaoh, Pharaoh!"

At last his mighty rule was rent;
He gave to Moses his consent.
God's mighty hosts were all at hand,
And starting for the promised land.
The king was wroth his oath to break;
He followed closely in their wake,
And to his chariot train of show
Were added myriad flies of woe.

The locusts sung to drown his ears;
His mind, diverted, soothed his fears.
The wand of Moses oped the sea
Whereby God's hosts were wont to flee.
The king moved on, with solemn tread,
Between those walls congealed and red.
The sea collapsed at Moses' command;
Thus ended Pharaoh and his band.

Still there come at cycles of time
These locust years, which bring to mind
How God in mercy once redressed
The wrongs of those so sore oppressed.
Think deep at heart, call reason nigh;
There guides a Ruler from on high.

These are portents, tokens, we see—
These mighty works of mystery.

Go, seek the wisdom locusts bring;
Reflect upon the song they sing.
O, years of mystery, still roll on!
Bring forth King Pharaoh's mystic song;
Spare me the evils of that time—
The plague of flies, the grave of brine.
O God of hosts, draw to me nigh!
Give Christ the victory ere I die.

June 12, 1902.

A SOLDIER OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Far from home, at the Golden Gate,
Sick and sad, a soldier lies.
Who thinks of him—a soldier's fate—
Whether he lives or, lonely, dies?

A transport there at anchor lies
For the noble boy; brave is he.
Who sheds a tear, or even sighs,
For the one who breasts the briny sea?

O God, there is some one who loves,
Whose sparkling eyes are full of tears,
Whose kind embrace a blessing proves,
And waits the tide of future years!

She loves with all of woman's heart,
As deep and true as Ruth of old,
Clasping his hand as the vessels start.
Sad at heart is a soldier bold.

Their vows were made and sealed in hope,
Though billows come with passing years,
They'd travel down that distant slope,
Where each would share the other's cares.

Time cannot stay the wheels of fate;
As years roll on and cycles pass,
Sweet, golden moments lie in wait
Where anxious loved ones meet at last.

Sweet life they live in joy and peace;
Two loving hearts beat now as one.
Kind Cupid's work will never cease
Where hope with love has once begun.

August 30, 1902.

THE ONES THAT SING

Poets are the ones that sing
Songs as sweet as anything,
And from the fullness of the heart
Songs of melody ever start.
They go on hurtling through the air,
Pleasing the people ev'rywhere;

And of their joy there is no end,
Always welcomed by a friend.
Joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
Onward, onward, still they go.

August 31, 1902.

LAUNCHING THE BOAT.

(Ever since taking his thrilling trip down Sugar Creek last June, Charles Harding has been fired with an ambition to build a boat of his own suitable for battling with the riffles of the creek. He utilized his spare hours, and the result is a beautiful little craft which rides the water like a thing of life. On last Saturday afternoon Mr. Harding invited a party of his friends to witness the launching and christening of the little boat at the Vountsville dam. Miss Edith Bryant broke the bottle on the prow of the boat and christened it "Sunday Maid;" Miss Ellen Baker, of Indianapolis, read with much spirit the following lines, which James B. Elmore had only a few minutes before composed for the occasion. Mr. Harding is naturally much elated, and feels a very pardonable pride in being the recipient of so much favor from the poet. Said he, in speaking of the occasion and the poem: "I shall always cherish this autograph copy and keep it among my dearest possessions. I am preparing to have it mounted in a gold-embossed frame, with a plate-glass front. I treasure it not only for its intrinsic merit, but as an earnest of what Jim Elmore could do had I given him more time. You know, he did this in two minutes. This, of course, is perfection itself; it is a gem; but if he had only had time to amplify it, we would have, instead of a single pearl, a string that you could wrap around your neck and tie in a double bowknot behind the yoke. Of course I feel "swelled

up." You know, General Wolfe declared that he would rather have been the author of Gray's 'Elegy' than the captor of Quebec. Well, when I heard that poem read, and saw the boat launch out upon the wave, I just felt that if I owned the whole shipping combine and had Pierpont Morgan for cabin boy, I would not hesitate a moment to swap jobs with a man who could tickle the muse under the chin like 'our Jim.' I tell you, I am just wallowing in 'the pride of jollity.'"—Indianapolis News.)

Launch out, dear boat, upon the waves!
A thing of life you seem to be.
From shore to shore you're tossed about
While hearts of youth are filled with glee.

Thy master guides thy helm aright,
With all the pride of jollity;
Thy course is safe by day and night.
With childish pride we worship thee.

August 30, 1902.

THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS.

The News I never meant to slight
When writing of the Sun.
It is the very sweetest fount
From which sweet waters run.

It is a very precious sheet,
And filters all the land;
It gathers news, then does diffuse
Great treasure, rich and grand.

I love the page, grows sweet with age;
Such blessings I adore;
I love the News, its lines peruse
When seeking precious lore.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Do unto others as I would
That they should do to me
Would make me perfect, true, and good,
As children ought to be.

This is the very truest love
That man can e'er attain;
It is the rule in vogue above,
Where souls immortal reign.

Who to his neighbor hurt can do
By blessings good and kind?
Such act will soon return to you,
For such the world's inclined.

Do good to those who chafe and fret;
They know not what they do;
They will esteem your friendship yet,
And love you kindly, too.

Naught but kindness will reach above
And make a future home—

But good, the golden cord of love,
From whence all blessings come.

Bring forth the Golden Rule of Right,
And let its precept stand;
Go, be a hero in the fight
For God and a better land!

So dwell the spirits far above,
Where saints immortal reign.
Such was the hope of Jesus' love,
That we might be the same.

Speak gently to the aged ones,
Whose life so soon will close.
Their stay is short; transition comes
And ends all earthly woes.

September 30, 1902.

CLASSIC DEPAUW.

Wonderful fame has classic DePauw.
Her wisdom and light—'twill ever draw
The youth of the land, bright and fair;
Her glory lies in her virtues rare.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Clothed in Nature's halcyon dress,
The God of heaven will ever bless

The good of the earth with strength and might,
And teach the perfect, the true, and right.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

DePauw will stand till the trumpet call.
Her wondrous motto is: "Truth for all."
Her glory extends beyond the sight
Where 'tis ever day and always light.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

She teaches the lad and lass the same,
Giving her laurels and a name;
She calls the maiden unto the fold
With heart as pure as shining gold.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

A star in the east the shepherds saw.
Still 'tis gleaming from classic DePauw;
So let it shine with glorious light,
Guiding of mortals in ways of right.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

She gives a polish unto the soul;
She leads the mortal toward the goal,
And dresses the mind without alloy—
Forever and ever a perfect joy.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

As a spring beneath the surface starts,
This blessing was born in Christian hearts;
Forever and ever 'twill run away
Toward the great, eventful day.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

October 25, 1902.

PROFESSOR COOMBS IN LOVE.

Prof. Coombs was young and gay, you know,
As any lad in Alamo.
A sweet young lass to school did come,
And Prof.'s old heart just mellowed some.

His heart was warm with passion pure.
He for his love did book procure,
And on its pages sweet did write:
"I love you, darling, with heart so light."

Then says she: "John, I love you, too;
I want to be a-wooing you."
He, with the wit of jolly clown,
Said: "What will we do with Mr. Brown?"

"Ship him away to some far land,
And give to me your loving hand."
This is the way that lovers trend,
But Prof. "lost out" quite near the end.

January 13, 1877—written at school.

LITTLE YELLOW BREAST.

Happy little yellow breast,
  Sweet harbinger of spring,
You come again in speckled dress;
  Good tidings you do bring.
Sweet the news of warmer days
  By messenger so true.
In grassy fields come cheering lays:
"Whee-oo, whee-oo!"

Upon a little mound of grass
  Thy song is yearly started.
Sing out the old year; let it pass;
  Bring in the cheery-hearted.
Yet days will come of chilly blast,
  But ever thy song is true;
And ere another morn is passed—
"Whee-oo, whee-oo!"

And when the vernal days are come—
  Refulgent, warm, and cheering—
Thy little nest is wove and spun.
  The brooding time is nearing;
Then comes thy mate and sings aloud,
  As birds of feather do.
In coat of mail he's singing proud:
"Whee-oo, whee-oo!"

His golden breast, with heart of jet,
Is like a burnished shield;
His mission, too, is—don't forget!—
To guard the brooding field;
His song of cheer to partner dear
That sits above her young
Announces fear, should it appear,
By accent of his song:
"Whee-oo, whee-oo!"

I love thy song each passing day;
A balm it seems to me;
I love thy peaceful, charming lay,
Wherever I may be.
Sing for the world; sing to thy nest
That bears a minstrel crew;
Sing, happy bird, with peaceful breast;
Thy brood is life with you.
"Whee-oo, whee-oo!"

March 7, 1903.

WHEN THE DINNER BELL RINGS.

How sweet are the days of summer,
When a balm fills earth and sky,
And the rivulets leap and murmur,
And a smile is in the eye!

Then the birds just sing and chatter,
And my heart goes "pitter-patter!"
When the dinner bell rings.

Then there is no time to waste;
All my thoughts with viands blend;
And the horses, too, make haste,
As they near the homeward end.
O, the joyful news of dinner
To a thirsty, hungry sinner
When the dinner bell rings!

Horses were intent on starting,
And they gave a longing neigh;
Prancing they were for departing,
Anxious creatures, wanting hay.
They oft had heard such sounds of yore;
Well they knew the good things in store
When the dinner bell rings.

Joyful scenes of farm and garden;
Sweet the dreams of weary laden;
Rich and green the earth is sodden;
Sweet the voice of happy maiden.
So let the world go as it will;
With hunger does my faint heart thrill
When the dinner bell rings.

Then I mounted on horse astride;
I went singing on the way;

Then I perched as women ride,
For there's warmth in sunny May.
Sweet the crab tree's savory bloom,
But still sweeter is the tune
When the dinner bell rings.

Oft my heart yearned for its pealing,
When I wrought from early morn;
Oft I thought my body reeling,
As I passed the leafy corn.
How I longed to hear the sounding
And the melody rebounding
When the dinner bell rings!

. . . . . .

O, what a doleful sound was made
When mamma beat the tin pan!
But my burning thirst is stayed
When I was a little man.
Long it antedates the time
Of the sweet, sonorous chime
When the dinner bell rings.

March 13, 1903.

THE OLD COTTAGE HOME.

Amidst the shady evergreens,
Where balmy breezes blow,
I long to be a child again,
Play on the grass below.

There stood upon the little hill
A cottage turning gray;
'Twas there my mother's lovely voice
Then soothed my cares away.

THE OLD COTTAGE HOME
(The birthplace of James Buchanan Elmore).

She guarded all my childish sports
Amidst the blooming flowers;
Her heart would beat with quicker strains
Through many happy hours.

The sun shone bright through leafy trees
And cast a silver sheen.
Such then was life, with joyful smiles;
The earth was clothed in green.

There childhood grew to maidenhood,
As flowerets grow and bloom;
And as they grew and cast their leaves,
There came a time of gloom.
The old house still stands on the hill;
The days are just as warm.
My heart beats low in sadder strains.
O, where's my mother's form?

The trees and flowers are just the same—
O, no; not half so sweet!
That cannot be with man as youth.
O, time, thou wheel of fate!
My heart is full of pleasant thoughts—
Of youth's bright, happy time,
When quickened impulse filled the heart
And life was joy sublime.

O, birthplace, thou wilt never fade—
A spot so dear to me!
My mind is full of thy sweet charms,
Dear scroll of memory.

My mother, too, is but a dream;
And still her sunny smiles
Speak unto me of joy and bliss
From those enchanted isles.

And father, sisters, brothers gone—
Ah, me; I am alone!
Dear home, thy joyful scenes of love
Are now forever gone;
And when the sun is sinking low
Beneath the western sky,
Then let me there abide in peace
With Him who rules on high.

March 22, 1903.

THE NEW YORK SUN.

The Sun upon the world doth shine;
It lubricates, like sparkling wine,
And casts its light o'er sheens of gold;
It draws the mind, like rubies old;
It is the essence of joy and light,
Filling the heart with things of right;
It is a lamp unto the soul,
And gleams with treasure to the goal.
Weird and strange, it finds me late,
Peering still through the Golden Gate.
Gleaming and sparkling from its height,
Its streams of beauty adorn the night,

And leave to earth a treasure fine.
I love to drink its precious wine.
It passes on still o'er the sea,
And yet its treasure is left with me.
Long live thy light, O shining orb!
Thy work is for a thirsting horde.

A LITTLE STAR.

In the darkest night
We see rays of light,
Of twinkling worlds shining bright,
Far, far beyond

Gleaming in the sky—
To the thoughtful eye
A thing of wonder; by and by
We'll reach their bound.

Who knows what thou art?
Like an infant's heart,
Thou mayest some departed life start
In mystery,

As a living soul
That has reached the goal,
Where for ages and ages roll
Eternity.

Thou wilt ever shine
In the realm of time,
A light so radiant, yet sublime—
A gem of night.

O, glorious star!
In thy flight afar
Thou art guided, for not a bar
Obstructs thy light.

Thy bright portent seems
From a world of dreams
Extant from the heavenly streams
Of life above.

O, enchanting glow,
Would thou let us know
Who keeps thee coruscating so?
Thy light we love.

O, infinite One,
Whence all blessings sprung,
Who gave to us this flowing tongue
Of brilliancy!

Thy glorious light
Adorns both day and night.
Through mist and gloom thou guid'st aright
Posterity.

THE MEETING OF THE SCRIBES.

(Written for a reunion of the Crawfordsville Journal scribes, at which a bountiful dinner was given.)

We meet to-day, as writers should,
Enhancing the cause of public good;
So let our meeting long endure,
Promoting the cause of literature.

We feast to-day in social mood—
Scribes from hill and vale and wood;
So let us write, that those who see
May by our life the better be.

A stream of thought flows to the press
Soon to return in brilliant dress;
Far up the mount, by crystal pool—
There let us build a modern school,

Where scribes may meet in social ties,
Commune as men, and be more wise;
By interchange of word and thought,
Great change in public weal is wrought.

The press now feeds the thirsty mind;
Let its savor be of the kind
That adds to Wisdom her share of strength
And satisfies the soul at length.

Great beauty lies in sheet of truth,
From whence must feed the fairest youth;
So let the stream be pure and clear,
Tossing and moving ev'rywhere.

This civic fount is fed by you
With gems of pearl that shine anew;
As Time revolves his wheel of fate,
Let future ages feel your weight.

We now recall such things of yore
As once the Journal's columns bore;
Sweet gems they are to you and me,
Passed scroll of youthful memory.

Note the flowers that live and die,
Drawing their splendor from on high.
Lay by a pearl immersed in dew;
The artist's hand—let it be you.

Life is as a blooming flower:
A jar, a blast, and all is o'er,
Passing beyond to a living stream,
Leaving its wake a golden sheen.

Let this meeting of scribes to-day
Leave in its path such grand array
As meteors, passing in their flight,
Leave in the heavens after night.

ANCIENT HERALDS OF SPRING.

Ancient heralds of the spring,
Sweet of voice and fleet of wing,
You have come. You give me ease
With your sweet songs and melodies.

How little bunny leaps and plays
And scales the trees in antic ways
With the coming of the flowers
In sunny dells and leafy bowers!

See him leaping from tree to tree!
Sweet is droning the honeybee;
And with these sounds there mingles, too,
A little warbler in dress of blue.

Piping, the redhead from the tree
Sends forth his drumming melody,
Rattling his ancient forest tunes
With all the sweetness of the runes.

The redbird, too, then takes a hand;
Sings to the world. And, bursting bands
Of all the little buds that sleep
In waxen cradles of the deep—

Wake up, dear ones! Come forth, come forth!
Sleep no longer, but pierce the earth;
Doff your garments and live again.
Your likeness is of mortal men.

Come, bloom for me! I cannot rest;
There is a feeling within my breast
That melts my heart and blends with tears,
As oft I think of future years.

The little ant in musty cell
Threw off his trance, came forth to tell
How he could live in house so rude
And never take a bit of food.

The Sun, with all his fervent heat,
Has warmed the bulbs and things that creep;
He gives to earth rich blessings still,
Which tune the glade and glen and hill.

The kildee proudly does appear;
His laughing song says, "Spring is near;"
And from his perch upon the barn
The pewee sounds his piping horn.

Sing on, dear ones, and do not cease!
Cheer up, sad heart, and banish grief!
Sing all the songs my mother sung
When all was joy and I was young.

Let ev'ry day be sunny spring.
Tune your voices; let anthems ring.
Sing of the saints; sing at my door;
Sing, happy ones, for evermore!

January 21, 1901.

THE BANQUET.

(Written for a banquet given by the Wabash College boys.)

When the muses come and haunt me,
Then I just sit down and write;
So I hope to soon be with you,
With the pleasures of the night.

And to join in sweet relations,
Such as only brothers bear—
That is now the hope I cherish,
Where the college breeze is rare.

So I come in hope to meet you
With the cadence of my song;
We will know each other better
In the days that are to come.

October 11, 1903.

PROLOGUE TO "A LOVER IN CUBA."

(Written for the play.)

I come to-night to amuse you and refrain
From taking any part in this mighty train
Of noble seniors who can make you laugh
As you drink from their cups filled with chaff.
But Myrtle is a rosebud full in bloom,
Such as are now within this storied room.

She courted, she wooed, and bravely won
A hero that stood the hail of Spanish gun.
She lives to-day, the queen of one bright home.
Long let her live! Let other heroes like him come,
Believing in union of heart and hand forever,
Nor seek the court or law that nowadays sever.
So may you live and love and sweetly woo
With bond of love that is forever true.
And now I give to you this novel play;
Take it, enjoy it, and go your way.

POOR JOHN LEROY.

Here is the tomb of John Leroy.
He was a most mischievous boy;
But, living longer than he should,
He won the praise of being good.
He was a most peculiar man.
The devil sought him with his clan;
But when it came that he should die,
The angels took him to the sky.

January 4, 1904.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Whither are we drifting,
Down the sands of time,
Through the golden sunshine,
In a world sublime?

On the moving current,
Gliding with the stream,
Tossing with the wavelets—
Life is but a dream.

Passing by the driftwood,
Sailing with the flow,
Whither are we drifting?
Does a mortal know?

Swift the rolling breakers
Meet the scanning eye;
Many lovely creatures
Swiftly pass you by.

Yonder is a sand bar!
Turn your boat aside;
Heed the many dangers,
Drifting with the tide.

See! The little whirlpool
Turns your boat around.
Breast the moving current,
Lest you run aground.

Passing by a brother
Stranded in the start,
Throw to him the life line;
Share with him a part.

Tide him o'er the rapids
Down the rugged stream,
Safely through all danger.
Bright the waters gleam.

Heed the rolling surface
In the blinding mist;
Watch the helm the closer.
Passing with the drift.

Hearken not a sailor
Who has faced about,
But heave upon the oars;
Let the captain shout.

Hampered by the thousands
Lying on the way,
Striving with the current,
You will win the day.

Gleaming in the distance
Lies the golden sea.
Breast the heaving billows;
Anchored safe are we.

January 6, 1904.

L'ENVOI.

We meet in loving-kindness
As a brother and a friend.
Let the future still remind us
Of rich blessings in the end.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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